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Taber Free Press

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Shiells The Tinner

McPhee Coming

Andrew McPhee's big eastern show Downie's Uncle Tom's Cabin Co., will give one night performance under canvas in Taber, Saturday, September 28th. Company number fifty people, two bands, genuine pack of Siberian blood hounds, ponies, donkeys, etc. In addition to the regular company they carry a genuine troupe of colored dancers, singers and cake walkers, who give one of the most entertaining features of the show parade daily. Admission 25c. and 50c.

Claims $10,000 Damages

ESTATE OF GEO. T. GIBSON ENTER SUIT AGAINST COAL MINING COMPANY

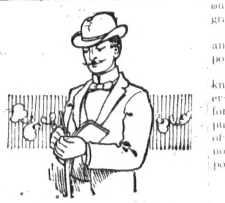
Lethbridge, Alta., Sept. 16. Geo. S. Gibson who has been appointed administrator of the estate of the late Thos. Gibson, who was killed last March at the Reliance mine near Taber, has entered an action against the Reliance Coal Mining Co., for $10,000 damages. The company is charged with negligence in having an electric button at the bottom of the shaft in an exposed position without having it properly guarded and protected. Gibson accidentally touched the button giving the signal to hoist and was crushed to death.

Alberta Re-Engages Lecturer

Edmonton, Alta. H. W. Campbell, who was engaged by the minister of agriculture last June to deliver a series of lectures on dry farming in the southern part of Alberta, has been engaged again to deliver a second series next June. His work has been greatly appreciated by the farmers of the south. Areas hitherto considered unfit for winter wheat are capable of producing abundant crops by the best methods of summer tillage, which constitutes the Campbell system.

Another Gas Well at the Hat

Medicine Hat, Sept 12. The Red Cliff Brick company, which is installing a $150,000 brick making plant across the river from Medicine Hat, has struck gas at a depth of 1,200 feet. The well has been capped and already shows a rock pressure of 600 pounds with a daily flow of a million and a half cubic feet.



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Pound By-law Passed

IT IS NOW UP TO THE PEOPLE OF TABER TO TAKE CARE OF THEIR ANIMALS

The Council at its last meeting passed a pound by-law and will appoint a poundkeeper. Henceforth all animals must not run at large or if they do they are liable to be impounded. The by-law is a very large one and we herewith give the most important points.

INTERPRETATION

The term "Department" means the Department of Agriculture for the Northwest Territories.

"Poundkeeper" means the person for the time being in authorized charge of the pound.

"Proprietor" means any occupant or person in possession of any premises within the town under any tenancy whatever, or any manager, officer or duly authorized person acting for or on behalf of any such occupant or other person.

"Animal" means any horse, mule, jack, cattle of the bovine species, or swine, of any sex or age.

"Owner" means any person owning any animal or any manager or agent of any such owner.

The terms "Run at large" or "Running at large" mean without being under the control of the owner, either by being in direct or continuous charge of a herder or by confinement within any building, fence or enclosure.

RESTRAINING ANIMALS RUNNING AT LARGE

No animal shall be permitted to run at large within the town of Taber. Any animal found running at large shall be liable to be impounded.

Any proprietor, on whose premises any animal wrongfully be, may drive such animal to the pound and deliver same to the poundkeeper. Any person may drive or cause to be driven to the pound any animal running at large on any street, lane, square or other place within the town.

Any proprietor claiming damages on account of any animal impounded shall give to the poundkeeper a duplicate statement in writing of his claim on account of its trespass.

There shall be one pound known as the Town Pound within the limits of the town, to be established in such place as the Council may from time to time direct. The poundkeeper appointed by the Council shall have charge thereof under the general supervision of the License and Police Committee.

DUTIES OF POUNDKEEPERS

The poundkeeper must keep all buildings or premises used in connection with the pound in clean and sanitary condition, and supply animals impounded with food and water. Failing to do so he shall be liable to a penalty.

Poundkeepers may send animals out at fit times and to fit places for grazing and watering.

He shall detain in his custody any animal delivered to him to be impounded.

If owner of animal impounded is known he shall be notified. If owner is not known a notice shall be forwarded to the Department to be published in two consecutive issues of the official gazette. In either case notices shall be posted up at the pound.

SALE OF IMPOUNDED ANIMALS

If animal is not released from pound within ten days after the notice has been inserted in the official gazette it shall be sold by public auction after notice of such sale has been posted for five days in three conspicious places in the town, one of which shall be the post office. Poundkeeper shall act as auctioneer. Sale shall be held at the pound and commence at two o'clock in the afternoon. The poundkeeper shall further in person or by agent purchase any such animals.

If more than one animal is impounded and the owner is known the poundkeeper shall sell no more of such animals than is sufficient to satisfy all claims for damage and expenses. The owner of such animals shall be entitled to those remaining unsold. If the owner is not known all the animals impounded shall be sold.

PROCEEDS OF SALE, HOW DISPOSED OF

The proceeds of sale shall be applicable in payment of all fees payable to the town, including cost of sale, of the amount due to any proprietor for damages, the residue, if any, shall go to the owner of such animals, or if not claimed at the time of such sale then to the Secretary-Treasurer.

Any moneys paid to the Secretary-Treasurer shall be paid over to the owner of the animal sold on satisfactory evidence being furnished and application therefore being made within six years from the date of sale.

DISPUTE AS TO DAMAGES

Owner may dispute proprietor's claim for damages by giving a written notice in duplicate to the poundkeeper and depositing the full amount claimed for damages and fees together with the sum of $1. for the cost of impeachment. The poundkeeper shall hand such notices of dispute, together with the sum paid in as damages to the Secretary-Treasurer, who shall lay the matter before the Council. The Council shall appoint three disinterested ratepayers to act as appraisers or any

Continued on page 4.

COUNCIL MEETING

Council met Monday evening Sept. 16th.

Present All the councillors and the solicitor.

In the absence of the mayor the secretary called the meeting to order and it was then moved by councillor Barton seconded by councillor Davis that councillor Beck take the chair.

The minutes of last meeting were read and upon motion of councillor Barton seconded by councillor Davis were adopted.

An agreement between Mr. Jenkins and the town re the construction of weigh scales was read and upon motion of councillor Barton seconded by councillor Campbell was duly ratified.

Councillor Davis reported that two chemical fire engines had been purchased and after discussion it was moved by councillor Barton seconded by councillor Campbell that the agreement be ratified.

Permission was asked by councillor Barton to introduce a by-law for the granting of licenses and that this by-law be read for the first time seconded by councillor Campbell. After discussion it was moved by councillor Douglas that the License and Police Committee take up the matter of the appointment of town constable and report at next meeting.

On motion of councillor Barton seconded by councillor Douglas the Pound By-law was read for the second time.

Moved by councillor Douglas seconded by councillor Hammer that the Pound By-law be read for the third time and passed.

Notice was given by councillor Davis that a by-law re fire and light will be introduced at next meeting.

Permission was asked by councillor Campbell to introduce a by-law regulating the width of streets and laying out of town sites and that it be read for the first time. The motion was seconded by councillor Barton.

Motion was made by councillor Douglas seconded by councillor Hammer that the Secretary-Treasurer's bond be fixed at $1000 and that the Secretary be authorized to arrange for same.

Moved by councillor Davis and seconded by councillor Campbell that the mayor and councillors Douglas and Hammer be appointed to go over the assessment roll with the assessor previous to first notice being sent out.

Council then adjourned.

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Mrs. Condon's Message.

By W. F. Bryan.

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The porch was a pleasant place in the quiet of the summer afternoon. Mrs. Condon rocked slowly back and forth, pausing now and then in her sewing to look across the broad acres to the wooded ridge that marked the horizon. It was all hers, the richest farm in Liscom county, and yet she sighed softly as she took up her work again.

"Ma!" Mrs. Condon looked up with a start. Her thoughts had been far back in the past when she was young and as pretty as the girlish figure that stood in the doorway.

"Henry Griswold is coming to see you this afternoon," went on the girl. "He wants to ask you—for me."

With cheeks aflame she leaned forward and buried her face on the elder woman's shoulder. Mrs. Condon pushed her gently away and the gaunt, tired face grew hard.

"Does Hank Griswold want to marry you or the farm?" she demanded bluntly. "It ain't going to do him a mite of good to ask."

"He doesn't want the old farm!" stormed the girl. "We're going to live on his place."

"If he gets you," amended Mrs. Condon. "It won't do a mite o' good to argue, Sue. There ain't no fortune hunter going to marry you."

"He's not a fortune hunter," defended the girl. "It's a cruel, wicked, hateful thing to say!"

"You go right straight into the house," commanded Mrs. Condon, "and don't you come out here again until you can be respectful to your mother."

For a moment the girl paused rebelliously, but habit was stronger than this new mutinous feeling, and slowly she went inside. Mrs. Condon picked up her sewing again, but her hands lay idle in her lap, and tired eyes looked out across the fields. She had paid a bitter price for those broad acres, and Hank Griswold, struggling with his tiny farm, should never be their



SHE WATCHED HIM AS HE WOLFED HIS FOOD.

owner. She had been forced into a loveless marriage by an avaricious father, and her heart had turned to stone. She could not believe in love. It must be the fields that Griswold wanted. It might seem hard to Susie, but it was for the best.

Down the narrow strip of road, running like a dusty river between the green banks of verdure, shambled a bent figure. It turned in at the gate, unmindful of Mrs. Condon's shrill warning that she did not feed tramps.

"I'll work for it," he said eagerly. "I'm willing to pay my way, but you people are so set against tramps that you won't even give me a chance to work for food."

"I suppose you'll tell me next that you're a mechanic on his way to a job that's been promised him," she said scornfully.

"I'm a tramp, a hobo," he said defiantly. "It's all I've been for ten years and more. I only work when I have to, but I'm willing to work now for the sake of food."

Mrs. Condon smiled approvingly. She liked truth even in a tramp.

"I guess there ain't much to do," she said as she rose to her feet. "The wood's all split, and I've got two men for chores, but I'll give you something."

The tramp sank down on the steps, and presently she reappeared with a bowl containing the remnants of a stew and part of a loaf of bread.

She watched him as he wolfed his food, and when he set the bowl down on the porch she nodded approvingly. "I guess you were hungry," she conceded. "We don't like tramps in through here."

"You don't have to tell me," he declared, with a grin. "I knew a chap what came from round here somewhere. He was my side partner for a couple of years. They used to call him 'Starry Sam' because he had bracelets of stars tattooed on his wrists."

"I know the man you mean," she said, with an impassive face, "but I didn't know he was a—tramp."

"There was a woman," explained the tramp, seeing that she was interested and scenting a chance to get food to carry with him on his way.

"He told me the story once. He was in love with a girl, but her old man made her marry a fellow that had money. Sam couldn't stand for seeing her another man's wife, and he lit out.

"He wasn't a bit in the city. His disappointment sorter took the heart out of him."

"I know," she said quietly. "He was killed the next year while saving a little child."

"Killed nothin'!" scoffed the tramp. "That was a stall for the girl he was stuck on. He was down so low he took to the road, and he got the clerk of a lodging house to put up that steer. Said he'd rather have her think he was dead than to guess he'd taken to the road. You know the girl?"

"Yes, I know her."

"Well, don't tell her Sam was a good fellow. It was only that he didn't have anything to live for. You can't blame him. He's dead now." He got in with some eggs after he left me and the bulls got him in Chi."

"The bulls got him?" The woman's voice quavered a little.

"That's slang," explained the tramp "The Chicago policemen started to arrest him, and he tried to run, so they shot him. He was a good man," he added softly. "Say, lady, you couldn't let me have some more bread, could you, to take with me?"

She rose without a word and entered the house, returning presently with a fresh loaf and some cold meat wrapped in a paper. With a word of thanks the tramp slouched off, and the summer stillness fell upon the piazza again.

But the woman's heart throbbed with a dull ache.

"The bulls got him in Chi."

The sentence ran in her brain. So this was the epitaph of her boy lover. The heroic rescue, in which he gave up his life for another, was but a figment of imagination. She shuddered as though she had come in physical contact with the thing that had been her idol and who had become a loathsome, ragged tramp.

Then her thoughts softened. Her visitor had been right. Sam had been different from the practical, unimaginative men with whom he lived. They had made great plans for the future—their future—and disappointment had taken him forever out of him.

A dreamer, men called him; a visionary, who preferred the pen to the plow. It was for this reason that her father had withheld his consent and had forced her into a hateful marriage with Condon.

She sat with idle hands staring across the fields, with eyes that pierced the veil of years. Her eyes were dry. Her tears were long since shed, but the old wound bled afresh.

For years her heart had been as a stone within her breast, but now it softened under the influence of her grief. The sinking sun shot its beams slantwise across the porch and warmed afresh her benumbed sensation. At last she stirred.

"Sue!" she called. The girl, her eyes red and swollen from weeping, appeared in the doorway.

"You'd better bathe your eyes and put on your muslin dress," counseled her mother. "If Hank is coming you'll want to look your best. I'll say 'yes,' my dear. I guess you ought to know better than me whether it's you or the farm he wants. You've got a right to happiness."

"You've thought it over?" asked the girl as she kissed the faded cheek.

"I guess I've had a message from the Lord," she answered, "even though he did pick out a tramp for a messenger."

A Close Call.

We were sitting on the veranda of our bungalow in Burma one evening enjoying our after dinner cheroot. Finally my friend arose and sauntered into his bedroom. Usually lights were placed in all the bedrooms, but this evening for some reason—probably the moonlight—the servant had not performed his duties. I could hear my friend fumbling about on his dressing table, and then suddenly he gave a cry of horror and rushed out to the light.

"I have been struck by a snake," he gasped, and his face was deadly pale.

"Where is it? Quick! Show me!" I exclaimed as I whipped out a knife.

He held out his right arm. There was no mark on the hand, which I examined critically, but on the cuff of the shirt were two tiny scratchlike punctures and two little globules of poison sinking into the starched linen and leaving a sickly greenish yellow mark.

"You've had a close call, old man," I exclaimed, with a sigh of relief, "and now let us settle the snake!"

We found him coiled up on a small mirror which lay on the table, and an ugly looking reptile he was, too, ready to strike again. He was a very poisonous snake, known as the Deboae russelli, but after my friend had done with him it would have been difficult for any naturalist to have placed him in his proper genus.—London Standard.

A Queer Inscription.

A monumental inscription quoted by Mr. Thomas Wainwright in "Devon Notes and Queries" affords an interesting example of the earlier of the uses of the word "umbrella" which are presented in Gay's lines:

Let Persian dames th' umbrella's ribs display
To guard their beauties from the sunny ray;
Or sweating slaves support the shady load
When eastern monarchs show their state abroad;
Britain in winter only knows its aid
To guard from chilly show'rs the walking maid.

Perhaps the word "umbraculum" in the Vulgate version of the history of Jonah suggested to the author of the epitaph to write:

Blest was the prophet in his heavenly shade,
But ah, how soon did his umbrella fade!
Like our frail bodys, whiche, being born of clay,
Spring in a night and wither in a day.

The inscription is on a monument bearing the date 1684.—Notes and Queries.

CUNNING OF THE COYOTE.

His Patience and Some of His Other Peculiar Traits.

This is the coyote, Co-yo-tay, with all the syllables, to the Mexican who named him; "Kiote" merely to the American wanderer who has come and gone so often that he at last regards himself a resident stockman and farmer.

It is this little beast's triangular visage, his sharp nose fitted for the easy investigation of other people's affairs, his oblique green eyes with their squint of cowardice and perpetual hesitancy, that, in Outing Magazine, that should have a place in the adornment of escutcheons. It is notorious that the vicissitudes of his belly never bring to him the fate upon whose verge he always lives and that nothing but strychnine, and not always that, will bring an end to his forlorn career.

As his body back moves slowly along above the reeds and coarse grass and he turns his head to look at you, he knows at once whether or not you have with you a gun and he can not know how he knows. Once satisfied that you are unarmed, he will remain near in spite of any vocal remonstrances, even, that you may proceed to interview you in a way that for unobtrusiveness might be taken as a model of the art.

Lie down on the thick brown carpet of the wilderness and be still for 20 minutes, and watching him from the corner of your eye, you will see that he has been joined by others of his brethren hitherto unseen. He seems to be curious to know, first, if you are dead, and, second, if by any chance—and he lives upon chances—there is anything else in your neighborhood that he might find eatable.

If you pass on with indifference, which is the usual way, he will sit himself down upon his tail on the nearest knoll and loll his red tongue and leer at you as one with whom he is half inclined to claim acquaintance. He looks and acts then so much like a grey dog that one is inclined to whistle to him. Make any hostile demonstration and he will move a little further and sit down again.

If by any means your carriage is offend him deeply at this juncture the chances are that he and his comrades may retire still further and then bark ceaselessly until they have hooted you out of the neighborhood. That night he and some of his companions may come and steal the straps from your saddle, the meat from the frying pan—and politely clean the pan—and even the boots from beside your lowly bed.

GRAPES ARE PLENTIFUL.

Prospects In Niagara Fruit Belt Are Very Good.

Nothing so far has been published about the grape crop in the Niagara fruit belt, and it will be interesting to learn that the prospects for grapes this year were never better. A grape-grower said recently that this has been an exceptionally favorable spring for grapes, and the vines are looking exceptionally well, now. "I may say that the grape industry is in much better shape around here now than it was two or three years ago. Then it was beginning to look a very serious matter for the grapes by reason of the fungus diseases which threatened their destruction. Efficient spraying has, chiefly to the case of the peach trees, saved the grape vines of the fruit belt, and now the only thing we have to fear is the weather. The grape rot is largely due to the weather, it coming from too much dampness."

Accordingly the Niagara district will send out its usual 10 or 12 thousand tons of grapes this year, as in former years.

Speaking of the manner in which the Niagara fruit-growers are opening out trade in the Canadian west, a prominent grower remarked to your correspondent that last year 35 carloads of fruit were shipped to the west from Niagara, while previous year there were only seven cars sent out. Practically every kind of fruit was sent.

Horse Chased by Engine.

Chased by a locomotive for five miles, crossing half a dozen trestle bridges and finally tumbling from one 30 feet into a river bed, and emerging with one cracked rib and the loss of four shoes—that's the record that was made by an ordinary every day sort of a horse.

One Pendrake is a poultry farmer in Davisville. Driving near the Don River, he was tempted by the cooling waters and Taylor's Dam and went in for a swim. In the meantime unhitching his horse and tying it to a nearby tree.

One of the Canadian Northern Ontario trains, northbound, and shrieking enthusiastically, came along and scared the equine, which, with a sudden jerk, broke loose.

Curiously enough it took the railway track for its speedway and sped away with the train in close pursuit. Along the ties and over trestle bridges galloped the horse. Several times its legs went down between the bridge ties, loses the shoes, but scrambling up, continued on the wild run.

Twice the engineer slowed up and attempted to overtake and catch the excited horse, but in vain.

Finally, after five miles had been covered, while crossing a trestle the poor beast became confused and went over and splashed into the river 30 feet below. There was enough water to break the fall—and it was soft sailing at that—and the horse landed itself comparatively unhurt.

The Presidential Salute.

The American presidential salute is 21 guns, as is the English royal salute, but the reason why just 21 guns are fired is obscure. Antiquarians have put forth different theories as to this. One states that seven was the original salute, but that in England this was given three times, once for Scotland, once for Ireland and once for England. Some declare that the American shipping is guns because the sum of the numbers 1, 7, 7, 6 (the year of the Declaration of Independence) is 21.—Minneapolis Journal

SONGS IN THE ABBEY

Madame Clara Butt's Experience at Westminster.

In the story of "My Life as a Singer," told by Madame Clara Butt in The Quiver, the noted songstress says that perhaps the oratorio solo she sings best is "O Rest in the Lord," and that to be able to sing that is quite enough in itself to make one happy and cheerful. Then she told a story of a experience in the Abbey. "Some time ago," she says, "I had a strange experience. Archdeacon Wilberforce gave an 'at home' one night at the deanery, Westminster. My husband and I were there and towards the end of the evening Sir Frederick Bridge came up and asked me if I would care to go into the Abbey and sing. You know what the Abbey is like in the daytime. You have felt its wonderful solemnity, its peacefulness. But can you imagine what it looks like after nightfall? When the dusk has stolen in through the great rose windows, when every nook and corner, every chapel and aisle is full of gloom and mystery; when, as Washington Irving says, 'the awful nature of the place presses down upon the soul, and hushes the beholder into awe-struck reverence;' when the effigies of the kings have faded into shadows, and the cold breath of the grave creeps out on the high altar, and the spirits are hovering in the stillness, whispering to one another, of the night and the great coming dawn, when the Eternal Master-singer shall put a new song in His children's mouth; when they shall praise Him in whose Name and Person all true art has its being. If you do not know the Abbey at it is then you have something to look forward to. If you have been there at such an hour, you will understand something of what I felt as I stood in the organ loft singing to the still, dead folk down below. Never, before or since, have I sung in such an atmosphere; it was perfect. I sang 'Glory to Thee, My God, this Night,' and 'Abide With Me.' Songs like these seemed to suit best the place and time. I shall never forget the roll of the organ, and the sensation of hearing my voice rising and falling, echoing and re-echoing, through the darkness. Some night, I trust, I may be allowed to sing again in the glorious old Abbey."

COLONIES LIKE LADIES.

Lord Elgin's Facetious Address on Britain's Dependencies.

Lord Elgin, the British Colonial Secretary, who was the guest of the members of the Coronia Club at their eighth annual dinner at the Hotel Cecil, London, the other evening, assumed the role of the old woman who lived in a shoe.

In giving the toast of "The Club," he stated he was glad to find himself among those representing the Crown Colonies. "My lord," he said, "I have had a good deal to do with our sisters, the Crown Colonies.

"They are like young ladies coming out, rejoicing in their newly-achieved freedom, and having no other desire than to repudiate all connection with the school-room, and especially with the old governess. I fancy also that there is some idea of a change of name.

"I venture to think that a prudent mother in these circumstances will not be too repressive. She will watch carefully to see what use is made of this newly-found freedom, and, with regard to the school-room and the governess, I think that perhaps it might be convenient to have a sitting-room.

"We had found, or hope to find, a new sitting-room," he continued, "and we hope that while our sisters will find a welcome in the sitting-room the old governess will not be dismissed.

"I regret that there should be any disposition to change the name. Somehow I attach great reverence to the name of the Colonies. It is a historic name, and I am sorry that there should be a disposition to change it to Dominions."

Alcohol and Motive Force.

Sir Victor Horsley, in a recent address, mentioned an experiment described by Kraepelin, the noted German expert, in which he measured with himself and Dr. Dehio the force with which they could grasp a dynamometer at regular intervals, with and without the stimulus of alcohol. The results showed that there was at first an additional amount of work put out—an exhilaration or stimulation, but that was quickly followed again by the usual lowering or depressant effect. Kraepelin found in addition that if the person experimented on had received a dose of tea instead of alcohol, there was no lowering effect during the experiment beyond the ultimate effect of normal fatigue, which has to be discounted in every experiment. Sir Victor says in this regard: "There is no question about the accuracy of these facts and they have not been obtained merely by Kraepelin, but also by others working on quite different lines. It has been the constant teaching of the greatest physiological chemist we know on the continent. Professor Bunge, and it cannot be insisted upon too strongly and too often, that the apparent acceleration of the amount of work done is not a real thing and is, in fact, an evidence of the paralyzing and deleterious effect of alcohol. That even directly stimulating doses of alcohol produce a harmful change in the nervous system is now established on corroborative evidence not to be disputed."

Still They Drink It.

"I shudder at the taste of whiskey," said a man to his friend. "I dislike it. I don't know why it is I ever drink it."

The other slapped his hand on his knee.

"I am glad to hear you say that," he cried. "If most men would tell the honest truth they would say that they disliked the taste of it, too, and shuddered at it."

"What a lot of shuddering the men must be doing all over New York," remarked the woman who sat quietly listening.

WOMAN'S WORLD

MISS ROSA STARR.

At the Head of a Large Newspaper Trade.

She is only twenty-five, but Miss Rosa Starr of Birmingham, Ala., through her own industry, can write her check for $50,000, and it would be cashed by any Birmingham bank.

Rosa was about twelve when her father died. He had been a newsdealer. Bad health ate up all he had. When he died a $1,000 life policy paid funeral expenses, lifted the debt on a small house and lot (now worth $10,000) and left $300 to secure a stock of newspapers and magazines.

Miss Rosa worked day and night She made the trades; she kept the re-



M.SS ROSA STARR, NEWSDEALER.

ords; she hired, fired and bossed the newsboys working for her; she did the buying; she knew what kind of five cent and dime novels sold best; she cut the newspaper deads and sent back the returns; she visited the mail trains to get her consignments; she had ever the same buoyant and cheerful greeting for the customer, high or low; she was the baseball fan of the establishment, and she gave her judgment to the family lawyer before savings were invested.

Asked to what she most attributed her success, she said: "Work. I love to work. The joy of doing work and seeing it disappear before a cheerful doing is all I ask."

How to Fry.

To fry food properly a deep pan is needed, with a wire frying basket of a proper size to fit it. Fat is also needed in sufficient quantity to allow the articles fried to be completely immersed in it. The success of the process depends upon the temperature and purity of the fat.

In ordinary households a constant supply of the best possible frying medium, properly clarified fat, ought to be always at hand. All fat, cooked or uncooked; all skimmings from soups or gravies, all scraps of fat, must be collected and cut into small pieces. Then, with water in the proportion of a quarter of a pint to each pound of fat, they must be rapidly boiled in a covered saucepan, the lid being removed after boiling point is reached, and the cooking continue till not the faintest bubble is seen. Then only is it free from moisture and ready to be strained through a cloth into a basin, where when cool it will be a firm, compact mass of absolutely pure fat.

When wanted for cooking it must be placed in a deep saucepan quite an hour before it is needed to heat gradually and thoroughly, so that at the right moment it may be raised quickly to smoking point, at which the blue smoke is a signal that it is ready for food to be cooked in it.

The articles to be fried must be placed in the frying basket, a few at a time and not touching each other, and gently lowered into the fat, where they remain until they are a faint lemon color, ready to be drained over the pan for a few moments and afterward set in the open oven or on the hot plate on paper to drain thoroughly. When frying articles requiring longer cooking the pan should be moved to a cooler part of the stove after the first few moments, so that cooking goes on slowly. They are then drained as above. It must be remembered that fat must be raised to smoking point again before fresh articles are placed in it.

All greasiness of fried foods is caused by the fat being below smoking heat. When it is absolutely boiling it causes an invisible crust to form instantly, which not only prevents the fat entering, but the flavor from leaving, the food cooked in it.

Fat may be used again and again, but it must be clarified afresh after each using. A slice of raw potato placed in it will clear it, and it must still be strained through a cloth into a basin again. When it becomes much discolored by frequent use it should be melted, then mixed with water and carbonate of soda (half a teaspoonful to one quart of water) and boiled for half an hour, skimming thoroughly and setting aside till cold. Then cut up, scraping off all impurities, and clarify as before with water, boiling until all has evaporated, when clear fat will remain to be strained off.

Bridal Breakfast.

A simple breakfast, yet one susceptible of ideal treatment, may easily be planned by the young housekeeper for a bridal party and a few intimate friends. Arrange your table, utilizing the polished surface and a complete set of doilies and centerpieces. Drawn work, lace or delicately embroidered linen is excellent. Use for the central decoration a slender crystal vase filled with clusters of bride roses and maidenhair fern, and around the base of the vase place a wreath of white moss rose buds, surrounded by a border of delicate ferns. At the four corners of the table in symmetrical positions may be arranged cut glass candlesticks, fitted with the new candle lamps and empire shades of white silk finished with crystal fringe and adorned with tiny wreaths of pink roses matching in color the delicate tints of the bride roses. This faint shade also should be reproduced in the candied rose leaves, the pink bonbons, the hotheouse radishes and the decoration of the wedding cake itself.

Provide as souvenirs of the occasion small satin boxes filled with white bonbons and tied with narrow pink and white ribbon, ornamenting the cover with a dainty satin rose, fashioned if possible from the material used in the bridal gown. Name cards will be found to assist materially in seating the guests.

Care of Linoleum.

Linoleum, while not an inexpensive floor covering, is a very neat and durable one.

Good linoleum, properly cared for, should wear at least five years on a kitchen or dining room floor, provided of course that the usage is not extremely hard.

In cleaning this floor covering the fact should be borne in mind that the dirt is only on the smooth varnished surface and needs no scrubbing with soap or other strong agent to remove it. Wiping with flannel wrung from warm water or half water and half milk, will remove all germs. A mop is not good for wiping floors unless a cloth is used to wipe the baseboard and molding after the mopping. If this is not done, the wood soon becomes streaked and dirty. A good furniture polish applied twice a year will be beneficial to the linoleum.

Caps For Knitting Needles.

These are very useful and very easily made. Take two new corks, cut them down to about an inch in length and round off the tops. Cover them very neatly with flannel or any soft material, taking care not to have any join on the flat end of the cork.

Now take a fairly wide piece of elastic, about half an inch shorter than the knitting needles, and secure it firmly at each end to the corks, with the rounded end of these outward. Make an outside cover for each cap of any pretty material, joining the sides, turning in the raw edges at the bottom and stitching these down to the flannel.

Now gather the ends and finish off with a pretty gold or other fancy bead. The needles are stuck in the flat sides of the corks.

To Clean a Copper Kettle.

Copper kettles and indeed copper utensils of all sorts are often very hard to clean. A good method is to cut a lemon in half and rub over the kettle with it. After a thorough rubbing the kettle should be carefully rinsed in clear cold water and given a final polish with a soft cloth. Never attempt to polish copper cooking utensils with the preparations used for brasses, etc., but simply rub them well with a woolen cloth. Dry them thoroughly after washing, as they gather dust very easily, and it is almost impossible to eradicate it.

To Perfume Underlinen.

A delicate perfume will be given to linen by putting a lump of orris root into the boiler or washing copper. The delicious fragrance thus given will last even after ironing, but will at no time be penetrating enough to be disagreeable. Another and even more lasting method is to put a Tonka bean in the drawer in which the linen is laid. This perfume in large quantities is overpowering, but one bean will give just the right odor. It usually requires warmth to bring out the perfume.

To Freshen Window Shades.

When window shades have become cracked, split or ragged at the lower end, they will seem as good as new if turned upside down.

Slip out the stick in the lower edge, remove from the roller and then sew the weight stick in the end which was the top, first cutting off the edge to remove the tack holes. Then tack the other end to the roller. When hung it will look like a new shade.

To Clean Rusty Iron.

Iron pots, kettles, skillets—in fact, any iron pieces—can be cleaned if the pieces are placed on a clear coal fire which has died down to red coals. This prevents smoking the articles. Only one piece at a time should be placed on the coal fire and buried until it is almost red hot. Remove with coal tongs and allow to cool, after which scrape with pot rings and sandpaper, then wash with soapsuds.

Flavored butters are much in favor for sandwiches. Fresh, unsalted butter is the foundation. This is first creamed; then the flavoring material is added, and the whole is beaten until thoroughly blended and smooth. Among the popular flavorings are olives, anchovy, sardines, cheese, chives, parsley, paprika, caviare and salmon.

Baby's moccasins can be made out of the long ends of the old mosquetaire gloves or chamois skin. They are more durable than yarn moccasins for creeping.

To prevent milk tainting cut a lemon in half. Place in the ice chest. It will prevent butter and milk from tasting of vegetables or muskmelons.

CATARRH OF STOMACH RELIEVED BY PE-RU-NA



MDE. JOSEPH BEAUDOIN

Mde. Joseph Beaudoin, 59 Rue St. Olivier, Quebec, P.Q., Can., writes:

"Peruna is wonderful for indigestion. I eat whatever I want and no longer feel any depression.

"Having had dyspepsia for a long time and having tried various other remedies, I decided to try Peruna, and with the fourth bottle of it I was perfectly cured.

"For this reason I recommend it to all those who are suffering with that terrible malady, dyspepsia.

"I hope that all who are afflicted in this way will take Peruna as I did."

The experience of Mde. Beaudoin ought to be sufficient proof to anyone of the value of Peruna in cases of catarrhal dyspepsia. If you suffer from stomach catarrh in any of its various forms, give Peruna a fair trial, avoiding in the meantime all such indiscretions in diet as would tend to retard a cure, and you will soon be rewarded by a normal appetite and healthy digestion.

A Cancer Student a Victim

In speaking of the death of Prof. Maximilian Schuller, of the Berlin university, who died in that city last month, the Tageblatt says: "For years Dr. Schuller devoted his time to the study of cancer. Hundreds of sufferers who were poor received treatment at his hands free, and he never wearied of helping those who were afflicted with the disease to the conquest of which he devoted his life. While experimenting with cultures in his laboratory he inoculated himself, and after lingering three months died of cancer of the stomach."

In Fields Far Off—Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil is known in Australia, South and Central America, as well as in Canada and the United States, and its consumption increases each year. It has made its own way, and all that needs to be done is to keep its name before the public. Everyone knows that it is to be had at any store, for all merchants keep it.

"You say he made his wealth by honest toil?"

"Every cent of it."

"I never knew him to do a day's work in his life."

"Well, I didn't say whose toil it was, did I?"—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Some persons have periodical attacks of Canadian cholera, dysentery or diarrhoea, and have to use great precautions to avoid the disease. Change of water, cooking, and green fruit, is sure to bring on the attacks. To such persons we would recommend Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial as being the best medicine in the market for all summer complaints. If a few drops are taken in water when the symptoms are noticed no further trouble will be experienced.

At a big luncheon Beerbohm Tree sat next to the Dean of Manchester. Said a guest:

"Well, Mr. Tree, what have you been doing today?"

"Oh," replied the actor-manager, "I went for a long motor ride this morning and lost a bet."

"Indeed!" remarked the dean. "May I ask what the bet was?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Tree; "I made a bet that we should pass through 400 different odors and we only encountered 399."

"Ah," was the quick reply, "you missed the odor of sanctity."—Argonaut.

When the Hair Falls

Stop it! And why not? Falling hair is a disease, a regular disease; and Ayer's Hair Vigor, as made from our new improved formula, quickly and completely destroys that disease. The hair stops falling out, grows more rapidly, and all dandruff disappears.

Does not change the color of the hair.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

Formula with each bottle. Show it to your doctor. Ask him about it, then do as he says.

The little book in each package gives the formula of our new Hair Vigor, tells why each ingredient is used, and explains many other interesting things. After reading you will know why this new hair preparation does its work so well.

Made by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

THE SPEAKER'S MACE.

Origin of the Emblem of Authority Used In Congress.

At the right of the speaker's desk in the hall of the house of representatives in the capitol at Washington stands a large cylindrical pedestal made of highly polished green marble.

When the house is called to order each day, the sergeant at arms or one of his deputies places upon the pedestal the mace, which is the symbol of authority in the house. When the body adjourns he removes it and keeps it in safety until the house meets again.

This mace is of very ancient and honorable origin. Under the old Roman republic the magistrates passed on foot from one place to another administering justice, trying public offenders and imposing penalties.

Each of these magistrates was attended by a small body of men known as lictors, whose duty it was to make way for the officers of the law, preserve order, make arrests and inflict punishment on condemned citizens.

Each of these lictors carried with him a bunch of rods tied together with thongs and having an ax bound to the outside of it. The thongs were used for scourging and the ax for beheading. Sentences imposed by the magistrates were at once carried out. Those bundles of rods were known as fasces. When the Romans conquered Britain the use of the fasces as a symbol was brought with them, and many other Roman customs remained with the British people.

While it was no longer used for inflicting punishment, it continued to be used as a symbol by the early English magistrates, and when an officer appeared carrying the fasces his authority was immediately accepted by all. It was, in effect, his badge of office.

The English form of the fasces was slightly changed in that the ax was placed inside of the bundle of rods, with the blade protruding from the top.

The great councils of the early Saxons gradually developed into one general body, which in the fourteenth century became known as the house of commons. In all these earlier councils the use of the fasces was continued, but it then came to be known as the mace, which has remained as the emblem of legislative authority in that body down to the present day.

The house of representatives of the United States was modeled closely after the house of commons by the framers of our constitution, and the usage of the mace was borrowed from the English custom.

The first mace adopted by the house was destroyed by fire when the British burned the capitol in 1814. From 1814 until 1842 a mace of painted wood did service, but in the latter year the present mace was made after the model of the original one.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

Your sons probably please you as well as you pleased your father.

If you don't look carefully after your own affairs, who do you imagine will?

A good many people try to administer forgiveness and punishment at the same time.

About all some men get for their efforts to be dignified is a reputation of having the swelled head.

The greatest triumph for a boy is the privilege of being accepted as an equal by boys somewhat older than himself.

Don't begin to wonder how other people can afford so many things that you can't afford. That is a big step in the direction of growing envious and sour.

We have noticed that people who do exactly as they please, whether their friends like it or not, get along about as well as those who are always trying to please.

Tobacco Smoke Poisonous.

It is often said that tobacco smoke is a powerful germicide. The composition of tobacco smoke is complex, the principal constituents being oils of a fiery nature. Nicotine itself is a strong germicide, but the quantity of this poison in tobacco smoke is minute. The oily matter which accumulates in a tobacco pipe is highly poisonous, but does not contain any appreciable quantity of nicotine, the chief constituent of this residue being a very poisonous oil known as pyridine. Tobacco smoke contains a decided quantity of carbon monoxide, which is a preservative and which must possess germicidal properties. One of the principal constituents accounting for the germicidal properties of tobacco smoke is the powerful antiseptic—formaldehyde.

His Logic.

A keen business man bought at a low price a theater that had long been unprofitable and by economical management put it immediately on a paying basis. But he was very economical. He watched the expenses with the sharpest eye. The first month's expense account contained the item: "Meat for cats, to protect the scenery and dissipation from the rats' ravages, $2." The proprietor struck this item out, writing on the margin: "If the cats eat the rats, wherefore the meat? If they don't, wherefore the cats?"

No Samples.

"Well," demanded the stern visaged woman at the back door, "what do you want?"

"Why," replied the tramp, "I seen you advertised 'table board' in dis mornin's paper."

"Well?"

"Well, I fought mebbe yer was givin' out some samples."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Saves Time

Celluloid Starch needs no cooking — just cold water and 'tis ready. Won't stick, yet gives a better gloss, with less ironrubbing, than any starch you know. Its price is little. Your dealer sells it. Try it this week. 204

Celluloid Starch

An Absent-Minded Ecclesiastic

A good story is told of a learned canon of the Anglican church in Canada, who is very thoughtful and studious, but very absent-minded. One morning he was going from home and had his hand-bag packed and left in the hall, as he intended to walk to the railway station. After he had left the house his daughter came into the hall and saw the bag still there, and said to her mother: "Oh! mother, father has gone off and left his bag behind. I will run after him with it." Which she did, and when she arrived at the station she found the canon walking about with the coal scuttle, which he had taken up in place of his bag.

Known to Thousands—Parmelee's Vegetable Pills regulate the action of the secretions, purify the blood and keep the stomach and bowels free from obstruction. Taken according to directions they will overcome dyspepsia, eradicate biliousness and leave the digestive organs healthy and strong to perform their functions. Their merits are well known to thousands who know by experience how beneficial they are in giving tone to the system.

"Well," said the proprietor, "I see you have at last sold that ugly hat we expected to have on our hands."

"Yes," said the saleslady. "I got a middle-aged woman to try it on yesterday and then told her that it would not, of course, do for her because it was intended for a very young woman."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

"Have you heard that young Moland has absconded with 50,000 francs of his employer's money?"

"From that old skinflint? Ha, ha! What a joke!"

"He also took your umbrella with him."

"The mean scoundrel!"—Nos Loisirs.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury,

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, contains no mercury, and is taken internally acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

Sold by Druggists, Price, 75c per bottle.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

The youngest member of the family had taken enthusiastically to pyrography.

She had just executed a design representing a little girl playing with the cat in front of an old-fashioned fireplace.

"It is well done, Bertha," said her mother, inspecting it; "but you have managed somehow to make the little girl look scared."

"That's all right, mamma," replied Bertha. "A burnt child dreads the fire."—Chicago Tribune.

They Advertise Themselves—Immediately they were offered to the public, Parmelee's Vegetable Pills became popular because of the good report they made for themselves. That reputation has grown, and they now rank among the first medicines for use in attacks of dyspepsia and biliousness, complaint of the liver and kidneys, rheumatism, fever and ague and the innumerable complications to which these ailments give rise.

"The word 'fidget,'" explained the teacher, "means to move about. Now, children, I want one of you to step to the blackboard and write a sentence containing the word 'fidget.'"

Forth stepped the little wise boy, who wrote: "This store will fidget June 1st."

"But who ever heard of a store fidgeting, Johnny?" asked the teacher.

"I don't know, but the sign on a store down town says that it will move about June 1st."—Judge.

I bought a horse with a supposedly incurable ringbone for $50. Cured him with $1.00 worth of MINARD'S LINIMENT and sold him for $85.00. Profit on Liniment, $54.00.

MOISE DEROSCE.
Hotel Keeper, St. Philippe, Que.

Lodger—I have decided to take a room that has a piano in it.

Landlady—But you do not play, sir.

Lodger—No, but if it is in my room, then nobody else can.—Rire.

THE BAY HORSE.

An Old Arab Legend That Tells of His Unmatched Speed.

The bay colored horse is said to be the swiftest of all the horses. A story to illustrate this is told of a certain Arab sheik who, having been engaged in a fight with another tribe, was taking his flight with his little son.

They were both mounted on a magnificent white mare which belonged to the sheik and which had always been highly valued on account of the great speed at which it could go. After having ridden some little distance the sheik asked his son to look around and see if they were being followed. The boy replied that there was some one riding after them on a black horse. The sheik seemed satisfied on hearing this report, but presently repeated his question. The boy answered that they were still being pursued, but that this time the horse was white. "Never mind," said the father; "mine is faster."

In a few minutes he asked for a further report, and the reply was the same, with the difference that the horse was a chestnut. The sheik, however, put his question a fourth time, but upon being told by his son that the pursuer was mounted on a bay he cried out, "Then we are lost, for there is no horse which I cannot overtake." His words proved to be true, for in a short time they were caught up with and captured.

LEATHER BOUND BOOKS.

A Little Vaseline Improves and Preserves the Binding.

An official of the Congressional library was talking with a friend who recently had purchased a handsome set of leather bound volumes and said:

"You had better examine those volumes carefully to see if the leather needs feeding. If it is new stock they will be all right let alone for several years, but if they have been on the shelves for some time the leather will have lost most of its natural oil and become brittle. This applies especially to books kept in private houses, which are as a rule much hotter than the book stacks of a large library. There is nothing more attractive than a fresh, well preserved leather binding on a volume and scarcely anything less so than a dilapidated, cracked one.

"You can add years to the life of a leather binding and a hundred per cent to its appearance by rubbing in a little vaseline with a piece of raw cotton—not too much, just as much as the leather will thoroughly absorb. Where the binding bends is where it is most likely to crack. The leather will not be greasy, as the vaseline will be absorbed. One treatment every year or two is sufficient unless the books are unduly exposed to heat."

Within Her Rights.

A very black woman in a silver gray automobile coat was seen a few mornings ago hauling an unwilling and disreputable looking yellow dog by a leather thong.

A friendly disposed policeman asked casually: "Why don't you turn the dog loose? He don't look able to run off, and nobody'll want to steal him?"

"Ain't I a 'oman? was the tart query.

"There was no disputing the fact.

"Ain't dis heah a dog?"

Patent fact.

"Ain't dis heah New York?"

Obviously true,

"Well, ain't I got a good right to walk on dese heah streets and put on all de style I choose?"

No disputing a self evident proposition.

Impartial.

An English clergyman, recently settled in a small town in Perthshire, met a farmer's boy while visiting the members of his congregation. In the course of conversation the boy said his parents had an aunt staying with them. The parson, not having much acquaintance with the Scottish language and not quite comprehending what the boy said, asked:

"Then, do I understand that your aunt is on your father's side or on your mother's?"

To which the young agriculturist replied:

"Weel, whiles the ane an whiles the ither, excep' when feyther leathers them baith."—Dundee Advertiser.

Man's Precious Rib.

A young lady having asked a surgeon why woman was made from the rib of man in preference to another bone, he gave her the following gallant answer: "She was not taken from the head lest she should rule over him, nor from his feet lest he should trample upon her; but she was taken from his side, that she might be his equal; from under his arm, that he might protect her, from near his heart, that he might cherish and love her."

Poor Colors.

"I can't understand Mabel."

"Why not?"

"She's always trying to get things to match her complexion."

"What of it?"

"Haven't you ever noticed her complexion?"

What Changed His Mind.

"I had supposed until yesterday, doctor, that the days of the bleeding of patients were past."

"And so they are. But what changed your mind?"

"The bill you sent me."

Hustle While You Wait.

While waiting for your prayer to be answered try to get what you want yourself.

SOMETHING SUPERIOR

TO THE FINEST JAPAN TEA GROWN.

"SEAL"

GREEN TEA

Sold only in sealed lead packets at 40c, 50c and 60c per lb. by all grocers.

GOT HIS REVENGE.

The Way Lord Brougham Paid His Debt to George IV.

With all of his knowledge and talent Lord Brougham was eccentric and slovenly in his personal habits. While he was a young and comparatively unknown barrister he was asked to a dinner at which the prince regent presided. Mr. Brougham's hands needed washing. The regent's keen eyes rested on them. He beckoned to a waiter and gave an order which the man heard with a scared face, and then going out he speedily returned with a ewer full of water, soap and a towel.

He carried them to Brougham, presenting them with the prince regent's compliments. The barrister instantly withdrew and never afterward referred to the insult.

Years later, when the prince, now king, tried to divorce his wife, Brougham, as her defender, so vehemently sustained her cause that she triumphed. The king's name was not mentioned during the trial, though the nation knew that he was secretly the prosecutor. Brougham in his speech declared that he saw in the distance the nameless persecutor of his innocent client, quoting with terrific effect Milton's words:

The other shape,
If shape it might be called, * * * black it stood as night,
Fierce as ten furies, terrible as hell,
And shook a dreadful dart; what seem'd his head
The likeness of a kingly crown had on.

George IV. felt seriously this savage attack. The nation sided with the queen, and her defender had paid his debt with interest.

THE DRUG STORE.

Its Evolution From the Apothecaries of the Colonies.

During the seventeenth century the druggist came to America and closely followed English precedents, modifying them, however, by the practice of the Indians, with whom he came in contact. Quack apothecaries began to spring up in the new land, and in 1626 the colony of Virginia passed a law which among other things regulated the prices and fees of the druggist. At this time it was fashionable for the druggists to practice surgery in addition to pharmacy, and the Virginia colony contained a large number of people who were proficient in both professions. In Massachusetts the business was largely in the hands of Indians, schoolmasters, old women and teachers. The Salem witchcraft delusion retarded the spread of the druggist for some time in the Bay State, for the popular impression fastened on the apothecaries a suspicion that they sold the potions that were supposed to produce the spells. Among those who suffered persecution at this time mixers of medicine appear to have been prominent.

The drug shop had not yet become a distinct institution. It was usually a branch of the grocery or spice business. In 1647 one Giles Forman of Boston, had, however, firmly established himself as devoting special attention to pharmacy. In 1648 the first distinctive drug store in America was opened in Boston by William Davies.—Lippincott's.

A Horse's Memory.

My father had a fine driving horse that was intelligent and had learned a number of tricks. One night he was stolen, and no trace was found of him for nearly two years when, one day, father met a stranger driving the horse and of course claimed him. In the dispute which followed father remarked that if it was the horse stolen from him he would on being unharnessed go to the gate, lift the latch, open the gate, go around the barn, slide the bolt, open the door and go into the third stall. The man agreed to give the horse up on those terms. They drove home and up the lane to the barn and unharnessed the horse, when, without a moment's hesitation, he performed the feats father said he would.—Chicago Tribune.

A Cat Monitor.

I once owned two cats, one a gray, the other a black. Daily I placed a bowl of milk on the floor for their disposal. One day at the usual hour their meal was served, but only the gray cat was present. She drank about half of the milk and then walked out, only to reappear an hour later, the black cat following. As soon as they entered the house Mattie (which was the gray cat's name) seized Blackie by the ear and led her to the bowl of milk. That was the first and last time that Blackie wasn't present at meal hour.

Good He Won't Up-Right.

A certain judge, while passing through the scene of an election riot, had a large stone thrown at his head, but as he happened to be in a stooping posture at the time it passed over him.

"You see," said he, addressing his friends afterward, "that had I been an upright judge I might have been killed."

A Joke on the Preachers

Reformers are human, like other folks, and sometimes strange things are done to them. When John H. Coyne was elected mayor of Yonkers a good many clergymen were worried about the kind of police commission he would appoint. So they picked out a delegation and sent it to give the mayor some suggestions. He received his visitors politely, listened to their ideas, and then shook his head. "You're too late, gentlemen," he said. "The commission is picked out and I shall announce it tomorrow." Then he went on to say that he was going to appoint four men. One was a saloonkeeper whose place used to be raided about twice a week, another was a man who had been convicted as a keeper of a poolroom, the third was a notorious "sport" who had often felt the arm of the law, and the fourth was one of whom the best that could be said was that he had never been in jail. The next day the names were announced, but the ministers looked in vain for confirmation of their advance information. The mayor had appointed four of the best known and most respected citizens of the place, ignoring politics absolutely.

ENGLISH SPAVIN LINIMENT removes all hard, soft or calloused lumps and blemishes, from horses, blood spavin, curbs, splints, ringbone, sweeney, stifles, sprains, sore and swollen throat, coughs, etc. Save $50 by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful Blemish Cure ever known.

Orderly Officer—Any complaints?

Raw Recruit—Yes, sir; I can't stand this 'ere Irish stew.

Orderly Officer—Not stand Irish stew! Ridiculous! Lord Wolseley made many a hearty meal of it in the Crimea!

Raw Recruit—I dessay, sir; but the meat would be fresh and good then. It's a long time since the Crimean job. You can't expect the meat to keep all them years.—Tit-Bits.

Oshawa Metal Ceilings Fit for the finest building. Cost little enough. Reduce fire-risks. Two thousand designs for alcoves, halls, warerooms, churches, residences, stores. Write for handsome illustrated book showing exclusive Pedlar designs.

The PEDLAR People Established 1861. Oshawa Montreal Ottawa Toronto London Winnipeg

HEALTH

Beecham's Pills are the "ounce of prevention" that saves many a dollar for cure. Keep disease from getting in, and it will never lay you out.

The safeguards against all life's common ills are: A Sound Stomach, Healthy Kidneys, Regular Bowels and Pure Blood.

Hundreds of thousands—both men and women—keep healthy by using

BEECHAM'S PILLS

a remedy that has stood the test for half a century and is now used over all the civilized globe. They purify the blood, strengthen the nerves, regulate the bowels, aid the kidneys and cure stomach troubles. Build up the nervous force and repair the ill effects of overeating. The best safeguard against indigestion, biliousness and dyspepsia.

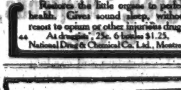
Take Beecham's Pills regularly and you will maintain good health at small cost.

At Small Cost

Sold Everywhere. In boxes 25 cents.

Nurses' & Mothers' Treasure
—most reliable medicine for baby. Used over 50 years. First compounded by Dr. P. E. Picault in 1855.

Makes Baby Strong
Restores the little organs to perfect health. Gives sound sleep, without resort to opium or other injurious drugs. 44 doses, 25c. 6 bottles $1.25. National Drug & Chemical Co., Ltd., Montreal



WILSON'S FLY PADS

One packet has actually killed a bushel of flies.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS, GROCERS AND GENERAL STORES 10c. per packet, or 3 packets for 25c. will last a whole season.

Minot, Alta., the New Coal Town

30 miles east of Lethbridge, 80 miles west of Medicine Hat.

Watch her grow. Get in on the ground floor. Buy your lots now, they will double in value in sixty days. In less than two years Minot will have a population of 4,000 people. Lots will be worth from $300 to $1,000 in less than twelve months. Minot has five operating coal mines shipping from 10 to 100 tons daily of the best coal in Alberta, and several more to open up at once. All these mines will increase their output as rapidly as possible. Minot will be working 200 miners before Jan. 1, 1908, with a pay roll of $18,200 per month. I will sell lots on easy terms until Oct. 15th only. Call in to the Blue Front Store and secure your lots and make money on their advance in value on Oct 15.

E. S. BOWDEN

Call and See

Our fine new range of Linoleums

Also Carpet Squares, in Tapestry, Brussels, and Velvets, all sizes.

Prices ranging up to $25.00

Taber Furniture Co.

The Union Hotel

J. Dobbs, Proprietor.

The Hotel Royal

J. K. Irving, Proprietor

Rates $1.50 to $2 per day

Good accommodation for commercial men and the public.

The leading house of Taber.

Jones & Squires

Painters, Paper Hangers, Sign Writers. Estimates free

Agents for the famous Best Vapor Gas Light Co

COAL, Domestic & Steam

To be reopened for shipping on MONDAY, AUG. 19th.

The **Wilcox** mine by

Duggan, Huntrods, & Co.

Local orders and car lots will be promptly filled.

Harness Works

Harness, saddles, whips, robes, blankets and everything for your horse. Special attention given to orders of all kinds

E. N. Harding Co.

MEALS AT ALL HOURS

Lunches Prepared for Travellers and Homeseekers

Give us a Call

Jas. R. Milligan.

Important !

Why pay rent, when, for a trifle you can purchase a large building lot on the

Johnson Addition

near the big mine of the Canada West Coal & Coke Co., and close to the pipe line. If you want a home of your own, where you can have the best garden, etc. now is your opportunity. You will never again buy as cheap.

A. Johnston Agent.

For

Drugs, Toilet Preparations School Supplies

Go to the

TABER DRUGSTORE

South of Track

Taber Free Press

Advertising Rates on Application
Subscription $1.50 yearly, in advance
W. A. M. Bellwood, editor and manager

THURSDAY, SEPT. 19, 1907

Notes and Comments

Taber has mines of her own that turn out diamonds.

×

In about two weeks the announcement will be made of the district judges of Alberta.

×

The tightness of the money market does not stop Taber growing.

×

It just makes the new comer to the Taber district look to see the immense crop of winter wheat.

×

Edmonton has a record of four children to one birth, two boys and two girls. No race suicide there.

×

Milk dealers of Edmonton have raised their price from fourteen quarts for a dollar to twelve for a dollar. This is a pretty hard for the infant food.

×

The Dominion fair will be held at Calgary next year and it will be one of the greatest fairs ever held in Western Canada.

×

A private company is endeavoring to purchase the street railway franchise from the city of Edmonton. Edmonton should stand for municipal ownership as it will pay in the end.

Investigation into the affairs of the Standard Oil Co. shows that the profits of the company for eight years have been within ten dollars of five hundred million. Pretty good profits. It is astonishing what a little oil will do.

Pound By-law Passed

Continued from page 1.

two of them shall within twenty-four hours after notice of their appointment view the damage and notify the owner and proprietor of the time they propose to sit and hear evidence and determine the matter, and shall within five days after notice of their appointment file their appraisment of the damages with the Secretary-Treasurer. Any appraiser neglecting or refusing to do his duty shall incur a penalty of $2, and costs.

On the receipt of the appraisment the Secretary-Treasurer shall out of the moneys handed to him by the poundkeeper pay the proprietor the amount found to be due him, and the balance shall go to the owner.

An owner of any animal impounded may within three months of such impounding lay a complaint before Justice of the Peace against the proprietor or person at whose instance such animal was impounded for wrongfully or illegally causing such animal to be impounded and such Justice shall hear and determine the complaint. If it shall be found by such Justice that the animal was wrongfully or illegally impounded the person offending shall be liable to a penalty.

Any person or persons rescuing any animal while being lawfully taken to the pound, or removing or letting free any animal impounded without the sanction of the poundkeeper shall be liable to a penalty of not less than $50 and costs.

The poundkeeper shall keep a detailed record of all animals impounded, and shall on the first day of every month in the year make a return to the chairman of the License and Police Committee in writing, the return being verified by oath.

The poundkeeper is to give such security as the Mayor and Council shall from time to time fix for the faithful discharge of his duties.

The poundkeeper or town inspector may employ such persons as may be necessary to remove any animal running at large to the pound.

The poundkeeper shall be entitled to charge the fees contained in the following schedule.

SCHEDULE.

For every stallion or bull, per day or portion thereof	$5.00
For every horse, mule, jack, mare, ox, or cow when the same be over one year old, per day or portion thereof	.75
For every head of swine, per or portion thereof	.75
For every yearling horse, mare, mule, ox, or cow, per day or portion thereof	.50
For every colt, calf, sheep, or goat, per day or portion thereof	.25
For paying any peason driving animal to pound under Sec. 26 thereof when the same has been actually paid by the poundkeeper or the town inspector	.25
For each mile necessarily travelled in the performance of his duties	.10
For notice to owner of animal impounded in addition to mileage	.10
For forwarding notification to the Department for insertion in Official Gazette in addition to postage	.10
For posting notices of animals impounded, each such notice to include all animals impounded at one distress or seizure in addition to the actual cost of newspaper advertising incurred	1.00
For posting notices of sale, each such notice to include all animals impounded at one distress or seizure	1.00
For selling impounded animals $2.50 per centum commission upon the amount realized on the sale.	
For each appraiser when the amount of damages is disputed	1.00
For all the notices to be given by appraisers to the persons interested in disputes for damages, including mileage	1.00

The poundkeeper shall pay over to the Secretary-Treasurer all fees collected by him within fifteen days of the dates on which they are collected.

The poundkeeper or other person guilty of any offence under this by-law for which no penalty has been provided shall be liable to a penalty of not less than $25 and not more than $50 with costs.

CHURCH NOTICES

Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints—Sunday school at 10 a. m., every Sunday. Sacrament meeting at 2 p. m. Sunday evening service at 8 p. m.

Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Association every Tuesday at 7.30 p. m. Primary Association every Saturday at 3 p. m.

Knox church—Sunday school and Bible class 11 a. m. Evening service 7.30. Wednesday Congregational Prayer Meeting, 8 p.m.

St. Theodore Church—The services at the English Church until further notice will be as follows:—Sunday school at 3 p.m. every Sunday. Evening service at 7.30.

Baptist Service. A Baptist service will be held on Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock in the Presbyterian church All welcome.

Ervine & Todd

AGENTS FOR

Cockshut Plows, Windmills, etc.

Deering Harvesting Machines.

Canadian Port Huron Co. Engines & Threshers

Notice to the Public

The undersigned builders and contractors are prepared to furnish plans and specifications for buildings of all kinds and sizes. Address them at the Taber hotel.

McKellar & Wildman

Builders and Contractors

Hanson & Birch

Plastering Contractors

Estimates given for all classes of work in this line. All work done in a satisfactory manner

Established since the flood and up-to-date ever since

Depew & Veale

CONTRACTORS & BUILDERS

Taber, Alberta

SYNOPSIS OF COAL MINING REGULATIONS

Coal mining rights of the Dominion, in Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta, the Yukon Territory, the North-West Territories and British Columbia, may be leased for a term of twenty-one years at an annual rental of $1 an acre. Not more than 2,560 acres will be leased to one applicant.

Application for a lease must be made to the Agent or Sub-Agent of the district in which the rights applied for are situated.

In surveyed territory the land must be described by sections, or legal sub-divisions of sections, and in unsurveyed territory the tract applied for shall be staked out.

Each application must be accompanied by a fee of five dollars, which will be refunded if the rights applied for are not available but not otherwise. A royalty shall be paid on the merchantable output of the mine at the rate of five cents per ton.

Every lessee of coal mining rights which are not being operated shall furnish the district Agent of Dominion Lands with a sworn statement to that effect at least once in each year.

The lease will include the coal mining rights only, but the lessee may be permitted to purchase whatever available surface rights may be considered necessary for the working of the mine at the rate of $10 an acre.

For full information application should be made to the Secretary of the Department of the Interior Ottawa, or to any Agent or sub-Agent of Dominion Lands.

W. W. CORY
Deputy Minister of the Interior.

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Squadron Armoury, Medicine Hat," will be received at this office until Thursday, September 19, 1907, inclusively, for the construction of a Squadron Armoury at Medicine Hat, Alberta, according to a plan and specification to be seen on application to the officer commanding the Royal North West Mounted Police at Medicine Hat, and at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa.

Tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed form supplied, and signed with the actual signatures of tenderers.

An accepted cheque on a chartered bank, payable to the order of the Honourable the Minister of Public Works, equal to ten per cent (10%) of the amount of the tender, must accompany each tender. The cheque will be forfeited if the person tendering decline the contract or fail to complete the work contracted for, and will be returned in case of non-acceptance of tender.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,
FRED. GELINAS,
Secretary.

Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, August 30, 1907.

Newspapers will not be paid for this advertisement if they insert it without authority from the Department.

Taber Meat Market

Fresh and salt meats of all kinds
Fish in season, butter, lard and fresh sausage, lamb and mutton

J. B. Jett & Co

Canada West Coal & Coke Co., Ltd

Best Coal on the market

and a good steam producer for Stationery Boilers

Taber, Alberta

Enterprise Lumber Co.

Building Material of Every Kind

Massey-Harris Farm Machinery

Agent, J. Barton

For business lots and residental lots in the water belt.

SEE

W. W. Douglas

Prices and terms to suit everybody.

Money to loan to assist in improving these properties.

Rogers Cunningham Lumber Co., Limited

Successors to George Rogers

Builders' Supplies

of Every Description, Wholesale and Retail

Lumber, Shingles, Doors, Windows Moulding, Lime, Lath, Tar Paper Building Paper, Cedar Fence Posts

J. F. Glaysher, Agent

Yard Along Track, East of Station

PREPARE FOR COLD WEATHER

We have just received a large consignment of Men's Overcoats, Suits, Woolen Underwear, Socks, Sweaters, Etc.

Call and inspect our stock.

Vickery & Co.

Dry Goods, Hardware, Crockery, and Groceries

Families supplied. Goods delivered daily.

Cash Buyers Union.

Call and Inspect

Our new line of

YPTIAN and
CAMEO WARE

At prices from 25c to 50c.

Westlake Bros.

JEWELLERS AND STATIONERS

TABER ALBBRTA

THURSDAY, SEPT. 19, 1907

Taber Breezes

Land seekers are commencing to arrive.

Tenders are being asked for the new school. See ad. in this issue.

We understand a new Baptist church is soon to be built.

R. D. Shiells is a busy man these days putting in heating and lighting systems.

E. S. Bowden was up at Kingsgate, Alta., Saturday, returning home Sunday.

Rev. J. R. Munro is attending Presbytery meeting at Lethbridge this week.

Two good carpenters wanted immediately to work on opera house Apply to John W. Shirts. 31-1tp.

Try the Taber Bakery for your preserving fruits. They are in the fruit business and therefore can supply your wants. A. BECK.

Quite a number are enjoying a time among the ducks and some good bags have been brought home.

The damage caused by the snow storm will be but slight, and not nearly as heavy as anticipated.

R. Brewer, R.N.W.M.P., left Wednesday on a special trip to Grassy Lake, Bow Island, Burdett and Winnifred.

H. S. French, editor of the Macleod Gazette, was in town Saturday and dropped in to see the FREE PRESS.

The Dominion government has issued an order-in-council fixing the last Thursday in October as Thanksgiving Day. The last Thursday is Oct. 31.

One of the nuisances to foot passengers crossing from the track north on the cinder path is the overflow from the tank. The whole place was more than flooded Tuesday.

An addition of fifty feet is soon to be built to the west end of the station to be used as a freight shed. This will be a great convenience in taking care of goods.

John Hodgins of Lucan, Ont., arrived here Thursday and bought out the barber shop in the Taber Hotel and also the shop run by D. B. Donahue. He took charge this week.

J. R. Shearer of Lethbridge, arrived last evening and will be in R. P. Wallace's law office. His many friends at Taber will welcome him back to town again.

If you want good dress making and millinery done try Robbins & Baker, B. Street north of Truswell's store. Dress making in all branches done by experienced hands. 31-2t.

Rev. J. W. Morrow, L.L.B., of St. John's church, Medicine Hat, will conduct the usual services in Knox Presbyterian church, Taber, Sunday, the 22nd inst. He will also preach at Reliance the same day at 3 p.m. Rev. J. R. Munro will take the anniversary services at Medicine Hat for Mr. Morrow on Sunday.

In view of the fact that some of the divisions in the school are overcrowded with pupils the teachers have proposed to the trustees that there be an exchange of pupils between the two schools during the one weather. At seasons when it would be a hardship for the children to go so far the exchange of pupils will not be made. This is done in order to bring the pupils of the same classes together and thus the number of classes can be reduced and the work of the teachers made more uniform. No doubt the changes proposed will meet with the approval of the parents.

The farmers are busy attending to their grain.

R. P. Wallace went to Lethbridge last evening.

New buildiegs are going up in all directions.

Mr. Hobson jr. is clerking in R. P. Wallace's law office.

Mr. Robbins has accepted a position as book-keeper in Mayor Truswell's store.

It does not look as if the grain elevators will be built this fall.

Neil McKellar was up at Lethbridge Monday on business.

The recent storms have done no damage to speak of in the Taber district.

E. R. Wildman has started building Drs. Lang & Leech's new drug store.

The station platform here is continually loaded up with goods for the merchants. This looks like increasing trade. Watch Taber grow.

The rain and snow fall of last week will make plowing easy. A great many acres should be broken this fall.

The Ladies' Guild of St. Theodore English church will hold a box social in the early part of October.

Jas. R. Milligan was in Medicine Hat Tuesday and attended the convention of Alberta municipalities.

Newel Southworth left Friday for Rexburg, Idaho, to attend school. We wish him success.

The Spokane train, east bound, was sixteen hours late Tuesday. A rock slide in the mountains was the cause.

Walter Coombs has started excavating his cellar and is shaping to build a commodious residence on Fourth St. South.

Mr. Geo. Mansell who has been visiting friends in England and Ireland, will sail from Dublin for home about the fourth of October.

Now that the C.P.R. have left so many openings in their fence it is up to the boys to use them and not climb over. One good turn deserves another.

Bill of fare in the fruit and vegetable line for next week at the Taber Bakery:—Watermelons, cantaloupes, peaches, pears, apples, plums, grapes, tomatoes, cucumbers, celery, etc. Give me a call. A. BECK.

In the past children have been permitted to enter school for the first time at any time the parents saw fit. This has caused considerable difficulty for the teachers in grading their schools in the primary classes, To in a measure reduce this trouble the Trustees have decided that children of school age may enter school for the first time up to Sept. 25, 1907. After this date it is proposed to fix four dates in each year when children may enter. The dates are for the fall term from the opening of school after vacation for the first week, the second date the first week in November, the third date the first week in January, and the fourth date the first week in April. We understand this plan has been recommended by Mr. Brown, the Public School Inspector.

Uncle Tom's Cabin

Downie's big Uncle Tom's Cabin show, which will give one night's performance in Taber under canvas, is said to be the largest and most complete production ever seen of this wonderful and historic drama. Fifty people, two bands, genuine pack of Siberian blood hounds. Andrew McPhee, the veteran showman, owns this company and is with it himself, which is a sufficient guarantee that the performance will be first class and fully up to the McPhee standard Grand street parade daily. Admission 25 cents and 50 cents. 31-2t.

The Government poultry fattening station sent 1900 pounds of dressed poultry to Calgary recently which fetched 20 cents per pound. The demand all roudn for good table poultry seems to be considerably in excess of the supply.

A WOMAN'S QUICK EYE.

It Was the Means of Gaining a Fortune at Monte Carlo.

Nearly every one who has been to Monte Carlo has heard of "Mamma" Vlaud, a little, bent old French woman, a widow, who played for years.

"Mamma" Vlaud played roulette each day from morning until night. Her beady eyes, twitching nervously, saw nothing but the ivory ball as it fell into the cell. As they watched her staggering from the gaming tables late at night people pitied her.

Her whole soul, her life, seemed absorbed in the awful desire of winning. The old woman at times lost heavily—for her; then she regained her losses. For a long time she was enabled to live and continue her feverish pursuit of the game.

One night the old woman lost nearly all her store. As she passed from the table, despair in her eyes, her attention was attracted by another wheel. She stopped and bent over the table. Again and again the wheel spun around and stopped. The old woman's eyes sparkled. A flush suffused her pallid cheeks.

As she left the room she clapped her hands, and her laugh—a shrill, mocking chuckle—startled the gamesters as ominous, uncanny.

"Better watch the old woman!" one of the official lookouts told a detective. He followed "Mamma" Vlaud to her hotel. He listened outside of her door. There was no alarming sound. In a short while she extinguished her lights and evidently had retired.

The following evening she reappeared in the gaming hall. Her eyes still sparkled; her cheeks were still flushed. With her were several notorious gamesters. They approached a table. "Mamma" Vlaud began to play.

She won. The gamblers, who had loaned her money, watched. She played a second time and won and a third time and won. The gamblers looked on amazed and saw the old woman making in thousands of francs.

During the evening the old woman sat by the table, playing persistently. Her winnings doubled, trebled, quadrupled and piled up about her.

The management became alarmed. A consultation was held. Special detectives were sent to watch her. Scores had gathered about the table, looking breathlessly at her wonderful run of luck. The detectives reported to the management that "Mamma" Vlaud was playing a certain combination of numbers that invariably won.

One of the directors besought the old woman to desist playing. The bank could be broke, he declared. She smiled and continued to play.

The director offered her $50,000 to cease playing. He doubled the figure. She would not hear of it. Her success. He importuned her to take $200,000, $270,000, only cease waging her successful battle for gold.

Finally he offered her $340,000. Accepting this, "Mamma" Vlaud, gathering together her fortune, told him very quietly that in passing the table the night before her quick eye had detected that the ball of this particular wheel stopped at a certain place at regular intervals. The managers examined the wheel, found that it was out of order and congratulated themselves upon having compromised with the old woman.

Music and Digestion.

I have often spooned up my soup to blitz time and carved a steak, while waiting at the Church" appropriately symbolized my vexation at the delay of the waiter in bringing the table d'hote. But perhaps the most thrilling experience is to eat a mutton chop to the toreador song from "Carmen." That even rivals eating squash pie and cheese to Liszt's "Second Hungarian Rhapsody." There are two gastro-harmonic combinations I have not yet met with, however, but which I live in hopes of meeting, as a climax to my musical career. One is to eat roast goose to the vorspiel of "Parsifal," the other to find honey and the dance of Salome from the Strauss opera in happy conjunction. Somehow I could take a grim sort of satisfaction in the irony of these combinations but I am still waiting.—Atlantic.

A Waitress Too Optimistic.

"A mistake was made when I ate this place five years ago," said a man to the waitress at the lunch counter in the Union depot.

"I suppose I gave you too much change in making change," said the young woman.

"No, that's not the trouble. I was out 20 cents."

"Oh! I wasn't here five years ago," she snapped as she left to wait on another customer.

Tears Not Idle.

"My doctor tells me a good cry is beneficial."

"So," second woman, opening her purse, displayed a first class return ticket to Europe.

"A good cry gained me this," she said.

True Love.

Tom—But perhaps she doesn't love me, Jack—Oh, yes, she does. Tom—How do you know? Jack—When I told her that I had no money to get married on she offered to borrow some from her father.

The Habit of Nervousness.

"What an extremely nervous woman Mrs. Tompkins is, isn't she?"

"I hadn't noticed it, my dear."

"Then you haven't been paying attention. Her new silk skirt doesn't stop rustling a moment."

Receiving a new truth is adding a new sense.—Liebig.

WAS NO KIDNAPER.

Longshoreman's Story Acquits Him of Serious Charge.

The kidnaper came into court slowly when his name was called. Big, broad shouldered, muscular, huge hands so callousted that he could hardly close them, thanks to handling freight on the great docks, he stood with his head bowed down. The mother whose child had been stolen glared at him from a front seat. On her lap sat the golden haired three-year-old. She waved a pudgy little fist at the kidnaper and beamed and would have crawled off the maternal lap to go to the big fellow had she been allowed.

"I didn't steal the kid, 'God bless her!" said the kidnaper. "I'm a sort of a bum, I know, and I was drinkin' yesterday an' tryin' to forget. An' when I got into the Battery park the little un run to me an' said, 'Papa.' An', judge, yer honor, sixteen years ago I had a kid just like that, before her mother run away from me an' took the little un along. So we was sittin' on the bench, talkin', an' I was feedin' her some candy I got from a dago when all these people came runnin' up, an' they pinched me."

"You're no kidnaper," said the judge, with decision. "Go downstairs for a day and straighten up." As the longshoreman turned he addressed the mother timidly:

"Please, ma'am, can I kiss the kid—just once?"

ELUSIVE FAME.

How One May Perhaps Grasp This Mocking Will-o'-the-wisp.

Fame is the sum total of all the advertising a man has had, plus his superiority over others. When we desire it most it never comes, and when it does come we have forgotten that we wanted it.

Fame comes either before a man is dead or after. When it comes before it is not so likely to last after; but when it comes after it grows continually. Generally speaking, those who crave it most never receive it—that is, until after they have stopped craving it.

Fame is peculiar to itself. It is not religious or moral or wealthy or social or political. It rises above the Ten Commandments and, like nature, creates its own standards.

Fame is more common among the dead than among the living. No man living can be absolutely sure of it. But when it comes to a dead man he can be confident that it will remain.

Fame is the most useless thing in the world. Those who once realize this are the ones most likely to receive it.

To be famous, therefore, live long enough to avoid all rules, work without ceasing, create with courage the thing you like the most pleasure in, and then having died, calmly await the results.—Judge.

Street Phrases.

In connection with the changes of fashionable street phrases a correspondent of the London Chronicle recalls from a song book dating far back in the nineteenth century a comic song, in which the singer complained that just as he had got used to one inquiry —"Does your mother know you're out?" if memory serves—it suddenly changed, and "now every little blackguard boy cries, 'Tell me, who's your hatter?'" It is remarkable to note the persistence of the hat among catch phrases. "Who's your hatter?" reappeared in much later times as "Where did you get that hat?" At another period the wearer of a white hat was greeted with, "Who stole the donkey?" And the "shocking bad hat" time must also be reckoned. "I'll eat my hat" and "My hat!" as an improvement upon "My conscience!" seem to be permanent tributes to the hat's importance in the order of things.

Latin In the Commons.

Some of the more radical and perhaps less educated members of the British parliament are inclined to find fault because a few of their colleagues are inclined on occasion to quote foreign languages. This recalls the advice of the Duke of Wellington to a young member of the house: "Say what you have to say. Don't quote Latin. And sit down." The celebrated Irish member Bernal Osborne once made use of a Latin quotation in a speech. Then he observed that he would translate for the benefit of the "unlettered millionaires" who sat around him.

The Horse's Nose.

It is easy to tell a horse's character by his nose, according to an army officer. If the profile has a gentle curve and at the same time the ears are pointed and sensitive the animal may be depended on as being gentle and at the same time high spirited. On the other hand, if the horse has a dent in the middle of his nose it is safe to set him down as treacherous and vicious. A horse with a slight concavity in the profile will be easily led and need coaxing, while one that droops his ears is apt to be both lazy and vicious.

She Obeyed.

"You promised to love, honor and obey," said the husband.

"Well, I don't care, I can't honor and I won't obey," was the response.

"You go at once and buy that new hat," he rejoined, thus at one stroke demolishing all her theories.

That's What Hurt.

"I don't like that there Mrs. Swellman at all," said Mrs. Nuritch.

"Well, you ain't got to take no notice of her," replied Mr. Nuritch.

"But the trouble is she don't take no notice o' me,"

THE UP-TO-DATE HARDWARE

We have just received a carload of all kinds of hardware and are now ready to show to the trade the most complete line of hardware in town.

We have everything to be found in a general hardware store such as builders hardware, stoves, tinware, graniteware, washing machines, churns, guns and ammunations, tar paper sterling roofing and building paper. We also handle the celebrated Sherwin Williams paints and machine oils and linseed oils, pumps and piping and round and bar iron.

AGENTS FOR MANITOBA WINDMILLS

Our prices are lowest and our goods are the best, give us a call and be convinced.

J. W. Hill & Son

The Blue Front Store

The high quality store.

If it is the best goods you want at the same prices you are paying for inferior goods elsewhere we have them

We carry nothing but the best money can buy.

We have no room for trashy goods.

We have the best grade of men's and boys suits in town. See them.

Come and see our fine line of dry goods just arrived.

Our motto is "Live and let live."

The Blue Front Store

Best Business Lots in Taber and Vicinity

can be had by buying from us

City and Farm Property to Suit all

H. F. Annable

John F. Hamilton

General Blacksmith

Wheelright in connection. All work guaranteed

Horse Shoeing and Plow Work our specialty.

CONTRACTORS & BUILDERS

Attention

Call on us when in need of Doors, Windows and Sashes and all Kinds of Mill Work. Mail orders will have our prompt attention

The Medicine Hat Lumber & Manufacturing Co. Medicine Hat

R. A. VanOrman

Contractor, Builder

All work guaranteed in every way

Estimates given on all classes of buildings

Pioneer Feed and Livery Stables

James Pierson, Proprietor

Special preparations for land-seekers

Good rigs, reliable horses, single or double, saddle outfits etc

McLellan & McIntyre

GENERAL BLACKSMITHS

Practical Horseshoers

Satisfaction Guaranteed

Shop Opposite Reliance Trading Co

New Shoe Shop

Having opened up a Boot and Shoe shop I am prepared to do all kinds of

REPAIRING in first class style. Your patronage solicited

S. S. BENNETT

HAMMER

THE REAL ESTATE DEALER

Is selling building lots in the water belt at 50 dollars each ON EASY TERMS.

Also pick supply of dwellings and acre lots.

If you want good influence in your home order an artistic

BELL PIANO

Prices to suit everybody.

KIMBALL & BINGHAM

D. L. KIMBALL, Prop.

Office south of Hoaglin's Store.

MACDONALD & ROBINSON

BUILDERS & CONTRACTORS

Repair Work Neatly and Promptly Done

THOS. IRVINE

GENERAL MERCHANT

Fresh, clean stock of groceries and dry goods always on hand

MINOT, ALBERTA.

COLLEGE "RAGS" COSTLY.

Oxford Students Willing to Pay For Rowdyism.

"To one Oxford 'rag,' $1,500." This is the bill which the students of Christ Church have been called upon to settle for the little jollification they indulged in recently to celebrate their securing the headship of the river for the first time in fifty years. Doubtless the average person will think it a dear price to pay for a little horseplay—a bonfire with a grandstand as fuel, a few black eyes, and several policemen's helmets, more of less battered, now on secret show at Christ Church college. But the undergrads have no objection to paying for their "sport."

Some Oxford Rowdyism.

It is not so long ago that some Oxford men were called upon to pay the cost of amusing themselves by pelting the actors and actresses of a certain theatre with rotten fruit, spoiling dresses and scenery, and afterwards dismantling the auditorium by breaking up the seats. When the manager presented his bill it was promptly settled, and he was laughingly told that he could now renovate his theatre. Furthermore, he was invited by the students to a dinner which it was proposed to give to the actors and actresses in order to soothe their ruffled feelings.

How many shopkeepers and hotel proprietors at Oxford and Cambridge have received compensation for damage done to their establishments it would be impossible to say, but the number must be considerable.

Object to Punishment.

One of the features of varsity "ragging" is that the students strongly resent any punishment being meted out to one of their number by the college authorities for an offense against good manners.

Not long ago, for instance, a member of Queen's college, and a "rugger blue," was "sent down" for "ragging" in a man's rooms, and the severe punishment was much resented by his brother undergrads. To mark their disapproval a funeral procession was organized, composed of some thirty cabs, headed by one containing the victim dressed in black, with crape hanging from the top hat he wore. The cortege left Queen's at a funeral pace, the drivers having crape attached to their whips, and most of the followers displaying crape. At the station a large crowd had assembled. Groans were given for the Queen's dons and cheers for the "blue," and the train departed amidst a most exciting scene to the strains of "Auld Lang Syne" and "He's a Jolly Good Fellow."

ORIGIN OF KISSING.

English Maidens In Olden Days Indulged Freely In Habit.

Who were the first "kisser" and "kissee?" The query is very difficult of solution, for the origin of kissing is shrouded in mystery, although blessing has been practiced by civilized nations in every era of the world.

Biblical records do not enlighten us as to whether our first parents indulged in the habit. The first kiss on record was the one given by Jacob to Rachel, when he met her at the well. In the New Testament St. Paul admonishes his followers to greet one another with a holy kiss. And in the time of the Romans kissing the hand to a god was a sign of adoration.

From all accounts extant, English people—unemotional and prosaic as they are characterized—appear to have been among the first to have exploited the joys of kissing, and to render it a universal habit. And then, again, in no other country but England has the mistletoe plant attained such popularity. Even Erasmus wrote to a friend the following: "Englishwomen are divinely pretty and good-natured. They have an excellent custom, that wherever you find yourself the girls kiss you. They kiss you when you come, they kiss you when you go; they kiss you at every opportunity between whiles." Numerous other illusions to the practice prove that Erasmus was not guilty of any exaggeration, although the habit became a theme of gossip all over Europe.

Death-Dealing Disease.

Of late, Glasgow and Belfast have been writhing in the grip of a new and mysterious malady named cerebro-spinal-meningitis, or, as it has been colloquially termed, "spotted fever." What is it?

The symptoms at first are extreme nervous shock and excessive pain in the back, particularly the spine, and these sensations are followed by spasmodic contraction of the muscles of the body, together with eruptions on the skin. The disease chiefly attacks children, but sometimes adults are affected, in which cases the malady displays a marked partiality for the male sex.

During the whole of last year, 192 cases were treated in Glasgow; but so great a grip has "spotted fever" gained on the city recently, that during the month of January alone, 107 cases were registered. It is a significant fact that out of last year's 192 cases 141 were fatal. The deplorably insanitary state of the poorer districts in large cities is, of course, a prime factor in the spread of the disease.

Her Feelings Were Hurt.

"Strange how superstitious some people are," a human pachyderm remarked. "For example, the other afternoon I was standing with a friend in an elevated train, and I had been relating to him in a whisper some of my troubles, business and domestic. He is a jolly soul, and in an effort to help me out he ejaculated (it appears he was gazing absently beyond me and at the face of an exceedingly thin woman who stood near):

"'Oh, laugh and grow fat!'

"'Mind your own business; you brute!' the thin woman cried. 'You ought to be arrested for insulting people that way.'

"My friend insisted on getting out at the next station."

NO RENT ON THIS STREET.

Latch Key Tenure In Village Near London.

Crownland is in Lincolnshire, five miles from the nearest railway station, and about eight miles northeast of Peterborough, at the confluence of the River Welland and the Catwater drain, less than 100 miles from London.

Crownland, as every one knows (although perhaps it is better known to our American cousin sightseers than to us), is world famous for the interesting remains of the west front of the rare magnificent old mitered Benedictine abbey founded in 714 by King Ethelbald in honor of the hermit St. Guthlac, and is also noted for possessing a Gothic "triangular" garden.

Crownland boasts, however, another curious and extraordinary feature in the shape of a street of houses which, at a cursory glance, appear, as several of them, in fact, now belong—to nobody but the person who is fortunate enough to hold the key.

These are "Gothic" tenures, obtained on the "first come-first served" principle, and can be held by the tenant so long as he lives; and on his demise, providing he leaves no widow or family, the first person to cross the threshold becomes entitled to the house, and no power on earth—so far as the law is concerned—can turn him from holding his hold; the owner for the time being, however, having no tangible hold over the property in the shape of "script" or security of any kind, cannot will it to any one or sell it.

In Poorhouse Row.

This extraordinary state of affairs exists in Albion street, originally called Poorhouse row or Independence lane, and situated close to the ruins of the old abbey. It owes its origin to the fact, so the story goes, that it was left, among other lands, etc., in trust pro bono publico by some philanthropic person, evidently with a view to practically studying the welfare and improving the social conditions of the poorer fen laborers. The trustees and other persons who hold the administration of these various lands gave notice many years ago—beyond living memory, in fact—that a narrow piece of waste land, be-tween four and fifty feet in width, had been set aside for building purposes, and if any of the humbler laborers wished to have a plot of land to erect a dwelling place upon it could simply be had for the asking; and many were the odd and fantastic one-story shanties that were erected there.

Houses Cost Little.

In this way the little piece of rough, water logged land eventually was transformed into the semblance of a street of some sixty or seventy cabin habitations, most of which had been put up at a cost of a few pounds.

Only about half a dozen of the old houses are left that can still be claimed by this unique procedure, most of the tenements having been replaced by more modern buildings, and the occupiers, being better educated, and knowing their enfranchisement laws, for a matter of $15 to $20, taken out freehold deeds, have become full fledged property owners, and they can will such properties to whomsoever they please, or even sell or mortgage them.

Many are the curious incidents that have occurred on the death of a tenant of one of the latchkey holdings. On one occasion, presumably when people were not so particular as they are now, or the law troubled about such trifles, one sly old resident, whose strategy and sense of humor evidently were developed far above the average, on hearing that one of the occupants was about to quit this earthly plane, did not wait to "play the game" and obtain possession by crossing the threshold, but made his entry by way of the chimney, and, after watching its owner breathe his last breath, at that precise moment took possession of the house and key!

Caught After 25 Years.

"Murder will out" and "cheating never prospers" were never better illustrated than recently in an extraordinary case that came up recently in the Clerkenwell police court. Mr. John Edwards, now 48 years of age and prosperous, was charged with being a man who, as a clerk in his young days, twenty-five years ago, ran away with $2,400 intrusted to him to bank by Mr. T. Bantley Westacott, a St. Pancras auctioneer.

Mr. Edwards is a builder, residing in Searsdale road, Victoria park, Manchester. Detective Inspector Neil, who arrested him and brought him to London, gave evidence. He said he made himself known to Edwards and told him the bit of history; that Mr. Westacott had a business at the time in Camden road, and that on July 1, 1882, his clerk was intrusted with several sums of money to pay into the National bank, King's Cross, amounting to $2,500. The clerk paid in checks to a certain amount, but did not account for the first check. "You are the clerk, and you took the money," the inspector concluded.

"That remains to be proved," replied Mr. Edwards (according to the detective's evidence). On the way to the railway station he said: "I received this about six weeks ago. I was told by the man who gave me away that he had done it. He is a dirty scoundrel, after all I have done for him. I have given him money, and he has held this over my head. Because I would not give him more he has done this." He referred also to a fellow clerk who absconded with him, and added, "but I don't like to speak of the dead."

Mr. Westacott, who appeared in court as the prosecutor, heard the detective's evidence, and then, told the magistrate that he had no vindictive feeling, but would like the case remanded.

A Pretty Coin.

There is not a prettier coin issued, says an English paper, than a freshly minted farthing, and the sixty odd Victorian farthings of consecutive years, perfect and lustrous, are greatly admired for their dainty diminutive portrayal in copper and bronze of Queen Victoria during her long reign.

Underwear made-to-order, for you couldn't possibly excel in fit nor equal in value.

PEN-ANGLE Guaranteed Underwear

Can't shrink nor stretch nor bind nor bulge; outlasts other kinds; and is sold with a guarantee that insures you against any possible fault.

Trade-marked like this in red as sure sign of value. Made in many fabrics and styles, at various prices, in forming sizes for women, men and children.

PENMAN'S Limited PEN-ANGLE PENMANSVILLE ONT. Trade Mark

Dentistry in Japan.

Up to a few years ago the dentists of Japan pulled teeth with their fingers. Forceps and other instruments are now being generally used.

Paper Yarn.

Paper yarn has been spun and woven at Verviers, in Belgium, for ten years past. The paper cord is largely used for tying small packages. The sacking manufactured there has rendered admirable service and seems to replace the jute article perfectly. Sacks of this material have been very successfully employed as mail bags.

Itch, Mange, Prairie Scratches and every form of contagious itch on human or animals cured in 30 minutes by Wolford's Sanitary Lotion.

"Captain," said the anxious exceptionist, "there are not enough life preservers on this boat."

"You mistake, sir," answered the indignant commander of the vessel. "We always carry a sufficient number of life preservers. We have too many passengers aboard today, sir; that is all."—Chicago Tribune.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

Jimmie—I see you're fond of the ladies, Uncle Henry.

Uncle Henry—Young man, I—er never—

Jimmie—Get out! There's a female's figure on this penny you gimme, an' me says you squeeze every penny you get!—Illustrated Bits.

ANXIOUS MOMENTS

Thousands of Little Ones Die During the Summer Months

Every mother of small children knows how fatal are the summer months. Dysentery, diarrhoea, cholera infantum and stomach troubles are alarmingly frequent at this time and too often a precious little life is laid after only a few hours' illness. The mother who keeps Baby's Own Tablets in the house feels safe. The occasional use of Baby's Own Tablets prevents stomach and bowel troubles, or if the trouble comes unawares the Tablets will bring the little one through safely. Mrs. Geo. Robb, Aubrey, Que., says: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets for stomach and bowel troubles with the best results. I feel quite safe when I have the Tablets in the house." Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25c a box from the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Chairman Knapp of the Interstate Commerce Commission told in New York the other day a French railway story.

"A traffic manager," he said, came to the president of the line and exclaimed disconsolately:

"'We are having no end of trouble with the public, for about those old dark blue cars. Everybody says they bump so frightfully in comparison with the new light blue ones, which, of course, run very smoothly.'

"'Humph!' said the president; 'we must attend to this matter at once. Have all the old cars painted light blue immediately.'"—San Antonio Express.

The number of deaths occurring among young children during the summer months is simply appalling. In the city of Montreal last week, 175 children under the age of five years died, and nearly all the deaths were due to stomach and bowel troubles. With ordinary care most of these little lives might have been saved. Watch the food given the little ones. Do not feed meats; see that the milk given is pure; and give an occasional dose of Baby's Own Tablets, a medicine which surpasses all others in preventing and curing stomach and bowel troubles

Gloves.

The wearing of gloves is a more ancient custom than it is generally thought to be. Herodotus speaks of gloves and bells of one who were then, to protect his hands while working in his garden. The use of some coverings for the hands was known to the ancient Persians, and Old Testament writers also mention them.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

FOR ALL KIDNEY DISEASES

CURES RHEUMATISM BACKACHE BRIGHT'S DISEASE DIABETES

Dodd's Kidney Pills are discontinued the use of any other Kidney Pills. The public may rely on this statement. Sold only in boxes.

W. N. U. No. 648

HOW TO CUSS THE EDITOR.

Dose Him With Decadent Dictionary Diction.

The number of obsolete words that are to be found in a complete dictionary of the English language is considerably larger than the people have any idea of. The following letter, written by an alleged poet to an editor who had treated his poetry with derision, furnishes some idea of them:

"Sir—You have behaved like an impetiginous sercele—like those who, envious of any moral celsitude, carry their malignity to the height of excruciating symposionally the fecund words which my polymathic genius uses with uberty to obligate the tongues of the aesthetic Attic, you have crasely parodied my own pet words, though they were trangams!

"I will not consecrate reproaches. I will simply point over the atramential ingratitude which has chamfered even my indiscerptible heart. I am silent on the facillation which my coadjuvancy must have given, when I offered to become your fantor and adminicle. I will not speak of the lippitude, the chlepsy you have shown in exacerbating me, one whose genius you should have approached with mental discalceation. So I tell you, without supervacaneous words, nothing will render ignoseible your conduct to me.

"I warn you that I would vellicate your nose if I thought that any moral diarthrosis thereby could be perfonnded—I think I have not impiteronate my reputation. Go, tachygraphic scrogle, hand with your crass, inanimate fantors! Draw oblectations from something! You can of having synchronically lost the existimation of the greatest poet since Milton."

And yet all these words are to be found in the dictionary.

Saving Their Feelings.

Mr. Punch is so powerfully impressed by the action of the Lord Chamberlain in suppressing all performances of the "Mikado" (and thereby throwing into confusion a large number of provincial theatrical engagements) that he is inclined to follow suit. He therefore forbids his readers, all and several, and the British public at large, to continue the laceration of national and foreign susceptibilities by the employment, in speech, writing, singing, gramophonic scrag, and with your crass, inanimate or marconigram, of any expressions appearing in the subjoined list:

"To take French leave."

"Made in Germany."

"Castles in Spain."

"He is full of Dutch courage."

"Scratch a Russian and you'll find a Tartar."

"He is a regular Turk."

"Spoiling the Egyptians."

"Can the Ethiopian change his skin?"

"Lo, the poor Indian!"

"For wass that are dark, the heathen Chinee is peculiar."

"Go to Jericho!"

"They don't know everything down in Judee."

"Caledonia, stern and wild."

"How very Hibernian!"

"Taffy was a Welshman, Taffy was a thief!"

"To behave like a boor."

John Bull has so many ententes on hand just now that Mr. Punch is living in momentary terror lest any of them should be imperiled by some chance slip. Therefore caution dropped at a Little Peddlington Penny Reading. What if the Republic of Hayti, say, should get wind of the same?—Punch.

Lord's Prayer On a Rock.

One of the most striking examples of scriptural words carved on a rock is that known as the Bristol Prayer Rock at Vermont, U.S.A. It is a famous landmark of the neighborhood, and is a huge boulder near the roadway, being as high as the top of an ordinary railway carriage. It bears on its face the Lord's Prayer, engraved in capital letters over an inch in height and painted white so that they will stand out from the surface of the rock.

The story of the rock and its scriptural inscription is that Dr. J. C. Greene, now dead, but for many years a prominent physician of Buffalo, N.Y., formed a determination in his boyhood days of having the Lord's Prayer engraved on this boulder. He was a native of Starksborough. For many years the rock was disfigured with posters and other advertising matter. Since the Lord's Prayer has been engraved on it the rock itself has been used as a billboard. It is a common object of respect and pride among the people, and to cover it with posters now would be regarded as a desecration.

One feature of the story is that Dr. Green paid 25 cents a letter for the engraving, and by his will left in his will he made provision for the repainting of the letters whenever they became dim.

Fairy Princess Visits School.

At the annual meeting of the Children's Happy Evenings Association recently the Countess of Jersey told a story of the Princess Louise's paying a surprise visit to a school in Westminster and presenting a colored drawing to each of the children, who did not recognize her. I gone who their royal visitor was.

Great interest was taken in the work of the association, added Lady Jersey, in which the Princess Louise sending them gifts of dolls and photographs for distribution among the children.

For the months of July, August and September an open-air school for 100 children will be held at Bostall, Plumstead, in the grounds and wood which have been offered for the purpose by the Royal Arsenal Co-operative Society.

A Chestnut.

Ralph Waldo Emerson once told of a friend who always carried in his pocket a horse chestnut as a protection against rheumatism, just as other people wear shields and other specifics. Emerson thus testifies to the results in his friend's case: "He has never had the rheumatism since he began to carry it, and indeed it appears to have had a retrospective operation, for he never had it before."

PAINS IN THE BACK OVER THE KIDNEYS

Toll of Diseased Kidneys and the Proven Cure For This Dreadfully Painful Ailment Is

DR. CHASE'S KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS

When kidney disease does not arise from exposure to a draft, or chilling of the body, it is usually developed gradually as a result of liver and bowel disorders.

It is because of the intimate and dependent relation of the liver, kidneys and bowels that Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills cure diseases of the kidneys when mere kidney medicines fail.

By quickening the action of the liver and bowels this treatment immediately lessens the work of the kidneys, and at the same time restores their natural vigor. In this way the most serious and complicated diseases of the kidneys are thoroughly cured.

Miss Della McDermott, 373 Main street, Moncton, N.B., writes:

"For some time my mother could not walk across the floor or stoop over because the pains in her back just over the kidneys were so severe. She had severe headaches, backache, spells of blindness and dizziness, and tried many medicines without obtaining relief. The doctors of our town said that the trouble was due to the turn of life.

"A lady friend advised mother to try Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, and by the time she had used two boxes of this great medicine she was perfectly cured, and the old trouble has never returned."

Mr. J. Edwards, of Colborne, Ont., and who is employed by the Kennedy & Davis Milling Co., Lindsay, Ont., writes: "I have taken Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills for some time, and can positively say that they are the best medicine I ever used. I was troubled very much with my kidneys and had dreadful pains in my back, which were increased by leaning over.

"I can testify to the exceptional merits of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills because they have cured me, and shall gladly recommend them to anyone inquiring about them."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills regulate the action of the liver, kidneys and bowels; one pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Ostrich Farming in South Africa

Nineteen permits to capture ostriches for domestication and farming purposes were issued during the year. These permitted the capture of 943 ostriches.

"Ostrich farming," says the report, "is becoming quite an industry in the Enkeldoorn district, and I have recently been approached for government aid in providing farmers with fencing wire, and a proposition is being laid before the administration with a view to this."—Rhodesia Herald.

Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator has no equal for destroying worms in children and adults. See that you get the genuine when purchasing.

"Let me kiss those tears away," he begged tenderly.

She left for it, and he was busy for the next fifteen minutes. And yet the tears flowed on.

"Can nothing stop them?" he asked, breathlessly sad.

"Nope," she murmured. "It's hay fever, you know. But go on with the treatment."—Cleveland Leader.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc.

"Every trade has its tricks," said H. K. Adair, the western detective, in Cedar Rapids. "My trade requires a lot of acute reasoning. It is like the dream diviner's.

He smiled.

"A young man went to a dream diviner in great excitement. He had dreamed of his sweetheart the night before and there had been a figure 5 on each of her cheeks. Didn't this signify that he should play 55 on the lottery?

"'Hold on,' said the diviner. 'Did the girl have her mouth open at the time?'

"'Yes,' said the young man.

"'Then play 505.'"—Washington Post.

In the Coils of a Python

Mr. Cocklin, walking in thick grass near the Marico river, Bechuanaland, was thrown to the ground by a 14-foot python, which coiled round his legs and then tried to drag him to a tree nearby, so that, by coiling its tail around the trunk, it might proceed to crush him to death.

When within two yards of the tree Mr. Cocklin got a hand free and shot the snake, which was so heavy that it needed three men to lift it. —East London Dispatch.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

Subbubs—Not much grounds about your house in town, eh? Is the yard wide?

Citiman—Just about.

Subbubs—Eh? Just about what?

Citiman—A yard wide.—Philadelphia Press.

Thos. Sabin of Eglinton says: "I have removed ten corns from my feet with Holloway's Corn Cure." Reader, go thou and do likewise.

A large number of readers, including clergymen, have entered the clerical anecdotes competition. The first prize goes to Rev. G. Emery, rector of Penmaer, S. O., Glamorgan, for this:

"At a village church a wedding was fixed for a certain date. The happy morn arrived, and in due course a youthful swain and faire ladye presented themselves at the chancel stens.

"The service proceeded smoothly as far as the question, 'Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife?' whereupon the supposed bridegroom stammered blushingly: 'Please, sir, I'm not the right man.' 'Not the right man!' exclaimed the clergyman, aghast. 'Then where is the right man?'

"'He's down at the bottom of the church, sir. He's ashamed to come up.'"—Church Family Newspaper.

THE RECORD ADMIRAL FURNACE



Is fitted with the improved Record Triangular Grate—the most perfect furnace grate on the market. Of the four triangular grate bars, each bar is operated by the use of a handle applied to either of the two centre bars. To remove this handle after shaking is impossible until the grate bar has been returned to its original position, flat and in place, without any of the cogs sticking up. The result is that the bars are always flat under the fire and that it is impossible for lumps of coal to drop through and be wasted. The Record Triangular Grate can be entirely removed from without without lying on stomach or bothering with a light. 104

Write for Catalogue.

THE RECORD FOUNDRY & MACHINE CO.

Foundries at MONCTON, N.B. & MONTREAL, P.Q.

Sales Branches at MONCTON, N.B.; MONTREAL, P.Q.; TORONTO, ONT.; WINNIPEG, MAN.; CALGARY, ALTA. and VANCOUVER, B.C.

THERE IS NO 'SERVANT PROBLEM' FOR THE HOUSEKEEPER WHO HAS

SHREDDED WHEAT

To lean upon. Ready-cooked, ready-to-serve. Delicious for breakfast or for any meal in combination with baked apple, strawberries and other fresh fruits.

Contains MORE NUTRIMENT THAN MEAT or eggs.

All Grocers. 13c a Carton; 2 for 25c.

THE CANDY PRINCESS



OF CANDY delicious the princess was made;
The colors she wore were of ev'ry known shade;
And pretty she was, no one ever could doubt
Who saw her enthroned with her courtiers about.

The princess was gentle and mild as a dove;
Toward subjects showed nothing but kindness and love;
All people adored her and called her a queen,
The like of which Toyland had never yet seen.

The night that we speak of she felt very sad,
For one can't feel dull and the same time be glad.
Said she: "To a ball I must hasten today,
And there midst the fairies dance sadness away."

So long danced the princess at Fairylands ball
She had not reached home ere the rain 'gan to fall.
The sun rose in glorious splendor at dawn
On a puddle of candy—the princess was gone.

A FLOATING ISLAND

EVERY ONE knows of that great animal, the alligator, that lives in Florida. Part of the time its home is in water, part of the time on dry land. In warm weather it plays in the river or bayou, or rolls about on the sand and mud, cooling itself on the banks of the stream; but when winter comes it buries its great body in the mud and settles down for a long sleep. It has no love for cold weather, and no notion of making itself uncomfortable, when it can just as well take a good, long cold-weather nap. Not such a bad plan, is it?

Sometimes it happens that the seeds of grass and weeds are blown into the wet soil, and quickly spring up, green and fresh, on the back of the alligator. As a rule, these tender plants are shaken or washed off when the great creature wakes up and rolls into the water; but now and then the mud clings, the young plants stick fast, and then, when the half-awakened monster floats downstream, it looks like a moving island. A poor little plover once made a mistake and built its nest on a sleeping alligator. Some boys who were out fishing saw the bird flitting about above the weeds and water-grasses, and, thinking there might be a covey of the pretty creatures and a settlement of nests there, dropped their tackle and rowed out to it. When their boat came bumping up against the sleeping animal, suddenly it opened its huge jaws and rolled from side to side. Oh, how those boys did scream! The alligator was by this time thoroughly wide awake. It found out how hungry it was, and also how dry, and, with one wild snort, plunged down to the bottom of the bayou and washed off island, grass and nest. So the little plover had to seek another home. E. A. MATTHEWS.

WHAT BIRDS SAY

THOSE who know much about birds tell us that the birds' notes are quite distinct and sound like the following words. What do they say to you?

Robin—"Quick! Quick! Do you think —what you do, do you think—what you do, do you think?"

Bluebird—"Purity! Purity! I-oh-purity. Dear! Dear? Think of it, think of it!"

Bobolink—"Bob-o-lee, Bob-o-link, Bob-o-link-e."

Crow—"Caw-w!"

Cedar bird—"Tze! tze! tze!"

Bobwhite (quail) — "Bob-bob-white! More-more-wet!"

Goldfinch (yellow bird) — "Ker-chee-chee-chee, whew-e, whew-e."

Humming bird—Mouselike squeak.

Oriole—"Will you? Will you really, really, truly?"

Song sparrow—"Olit, olit, olit, chip, chip, chip, che-char-che-wiss, wiss."

Thrush—"Drop it, drop it, cover it up, cover it up, pull up, pull it up!"

Bluebird — "Jay, jay, jay, whee-dle, whee-dle!"

Scarlet tanager—"Chip-chirr! Pshaw! Wait-wait-wait for me, wait!"

Blackbird—"Konk-quer-ree" or "Bob-a-lee, a-bob-a-lee!"

EGGS THAT-JUMP

YOUR friends will be mystified completely if you do this trick very carefully.

Take a number of eggs; remove the yolks and whites, so that only the shells remain.

To each of these shells paste one end of a strand of fine silk, attach the other end to one of your fingers.

In doing the trick, be sure that your audience are far enough away to be unable to see the silken threads.

Now say that you will be able to make the eggs leap into the air by magnetizing them with your fingers.



THE SECRET OF THE TRICK

Of course, as you move a finger upward and downward, the shell attached to the other end of the strand or silk will move up and down. You can gain a pretty effect by making them dance in time to music.

Ronald's Present.



GIVING "TOADY" TO "MUVVER"

"THERE, I think that will do now," said sister Edna, carefully fixing her bouquet of flowers. She ran up to the house with them, and soon sister Florence followed, with another bouquet.

For it was mother's birthday, you know, and mother loved flowers, so what nicer gift was there?

Wee Ronald was left behind. He wanted "fowers not just same as sister Edna or sister Flo"—and he couldn't find any. Those big tears weren't far away. But he wasn't going to give up yet. "Muvver" should have her "p'esent."

He marched sturdily along the flower beds, looking with all his might for a nice "posey." Then, with a funny little hop, a great toad bobbed right in the garden path.

Ronald's eyes grew big and round. He gave a sob of delight, and threw himself upon Mr. Toad. He was a splendid fellow, too, all covered with big circles and dots.

"Lots nicer'n fowers," thought Ronald, so away he trudged to give his "p'esent" to "muvver."

It was a long way to the house, but he went on manfully. Once he stumbled over a hedge, his chubby legs flew from beneath him, and he fell down real hard. But as he rolled over and over, like a great ball, he still hugged "toady" close to him.

At last he came into "muvver's" room. Sister Edna and sister Florence had given their bouquets and "muvver" was smiling happily. Ronald toddled in, a great, big sunny smile on his face and a great, big toad in his arms.

"Here's p'esent, muvver!" cried the little man proudly. "Couldn't fin' fowers, and I knew you'd like toady."

"Muvver" gathered Ronald, toad and all, into her arms.

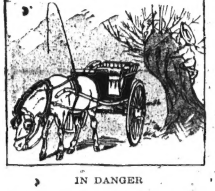
Edna and Florence couldn't see why mother should be so pleased over a "horned toad," and they wondered why there were teardrops in her smiling eyes.

CLEVER BUNNY

BUNNIES are sometimes more clever than you'd think. And naughty boys are sometimes fooled, as Arthur was.

Arthur owned the finest little pony you ever saw, and a handsome pony-cart—all painted in nice colors and just the right size for a boy.

When you have a pony like this you



IN DANGER

don't become tired of him, so it is no wonder that nearly every day Arthur liked to have a little drive.

Now, if there was one thing Arthur liked as much as ponies, it was a bunny. He had all kinds of rabbits at home, but he always wanted more.

So, when on this morning he was driving merrily along the road that led to



BUNNY'S ESCAPE

the river driveway, he drew up suddenly, you may be sure, as he saw before him as cute a bunny as one might wish. It was sitting on the trunk of an old tree, most of which had been blown away.

Arthur stole quickly down from the pony-cart, and tip-toed around in back of the tree. It wasn't hard to climb up the tree. Arthur was but a few feet



LEFT BEHIND

away, and, oh! he was sure he had the rabbit, when, all at once, it gave a big jump and landed right on the seat. And the pony started away, leaving Arthur behind.

IF WE ONLY COULD

If only myself could talk to myself
As I know him a year ago,
I could tell him a lot
That would save him a lot
Of things he ought to know.
—Rudyard Kipling.

A CARNIVAL

THE day had a bad beginning, for as the sun crept up behind the eastern hills and over their crest shot his first ray it struck the SUNFLOWER on the back, and, having his repose thus rudely disturbed, he turned slowly around and told the MORNING GLORIES to shut up; nor did the trouble end there, for a moment later some mischievous scamp struck little Miss PRIMROSE with a SNOWBALL, knocking her from the top of the WALLFLOWER, and OX-EYED DAISY laughed heartily as she saw the COWSLIP on an ICE PLANT.

Now it happened that JACK ROSE had a very warm place in his BLEEDING HEART for the QUEEN OF SHEBA, a former AMERICAN BEAUTY, and, knowing her to be a maid of money and determined to MARIGOLD, he lost no time in asking for her hand. At this unexpected move on his part she blushed PINK and shyly said: "Don't you think you had better ask POPPY?"

He won her, of course, and on their way to the little church under the ORANGE BLOSSOMS who should they meet but SWEET WILLIAM and VIOLET, who were on the same errand. So, after talking it over among themselves, they decided it should be a double wedding, and off they went and were married by their old friend, JACK IN THE PULPIT.

After the ceremony they met fair CAMELLIA, who was tearfully crying JOB'S TEARS, but the gloomy incident was soon passed over. For everybody had to laugh to see the little PANSIES making such funny faces and the NASTURTIUMS cutting all sorts of capers.

They wandered here and there, stopping now for a moment as Cinderella sewed a BACHELOR'S BUTTON on JOSEPH'S COAT, and, while this was being done, The Queen caught JACK flirting openly with BLACK-EYED SUSAN, who was strumming her MAIDEN HAIR FERN with a COCKSCOMB.

Here they were met by DAISY, who invited all to a real party she was about to give in the WOODBINE, and on their way over Jack cut his finger on a blade of GRASS, but the Queen quickly tied it up with a piece of RAGWEED, and hoisted the injured hand in a FOXGLOVE.

At the party the little guests sat down to a luncheon consisting of CORNFLOWERS and SWEET PEAS, while a brewing of TEA ROSES was served in dainty little BUTTERCUPS. There was considerable commotion, however, when they saw JOHNNY JUMP UP and kiss the SENSITIVE PLANT on the TULIPS; the poor little thing fainted dead away, but the DANDELION and the TIGER LILY fairly roared at the incident, while the WAX PLANT cut a sorry figure in his efforts to keep CHRYSANTHEMUM.

On their way back they heard a CHICKWEED (who, by the way, was a sort of a CROCUS) whisper in the ELEPHANT'S EAR through a TUBEROSE that the SMILAX was the laughing stalk of the garden, and also that the night before when ROSEMARY and her sister were out for dinner with the SAGE, he left the table abruptly, and, putting his LARKSPURS to his horse, rode off without paying for what she had and MIGNONETTE.

They now stopped in to see the CINNAMON VINE, whose spicy gossip made her a favorite, and she said she heard some one say that they saw HOLLYHOCK his AMETHYST, and CAMELLIA spoke up and said that, if his wife should happen to hear of it, she would certainly fly into a PASSION FLOWER.

They resumed their journey, but stopped once again, this time by the wayside, to hear a SCOTCH HEATHER play AULD LANG SYNE on the BLUE BELLS, while the AMERICAN FLAG waved over their heads; but when asked to call on JACK and his bride sought their new BED OF ROSES.

A little BLUE STAR peeped out and smiled with the love of a mother as she saw the babes of the garden lulled to sleep, one by one, to the mighty chorus of the night flies. No one stirred, save the MOONFLOWER, who now stole stealthily down, and, taking up a GOLDENROD, tapped the BELL-FLOWER twelve soft strokes, and, creeping back as quickly as he came, he rubbed his eyes and tenderly kissed the NIGHT-BLOOMING CEREUS. It was midnight. J. O. LIPPINCOTT.

Mending Betsey Ann



THE BURIAL OF DOLLY

THERE is no use trying to tell how I love Betsey Ann, 'cause I just can't do it. But no dollie was ever treated half so nice, I know, and no dolly was ever half so nice as Betsey Ann.

I never did like mice. I never did think a mouse was cute—and I know I never will now, for it was a bad, wicked mouse that brought on all the trouble. Betsey Ann doesn't like mice, either.

My play-closet—where I keep all my playthings, you know—is roomy and comfy. I put Betsey Ann there 'cause I didn't think she rested well when she slept with me. She was always so mussed looking in the morning.

Now, no mouse has a right in my play-closet. I'm sure Betsey Ann told him so the night she saw him there, and I guess it was for that he bit off her head! Yes, he did! He carried it away with him, too.

My, how I cried and cried when I saw Betsey next morning! I couldn't help it, for, really, I did love the dolly so.

But, as Betsey was dead, I didn't think it was right to keep her without any head. Next day I buried her under the rosebush, first saying my prayers and bidding her good-bye. And a robin on the bush sang a sad, little song. I'm sure he understood.

I suppose you think my story ought to end here, but there's some more to it—though there wouldn't have been if it hadn't been for Ben. Ben's my brother, and he found—what do you think! Yes, it was Betsey Ann's head. One day when he was hunting for some of his tools he came across it, down in the cellar.

Poor dolly! How sorry I felt for her again, as I looked at the head.

All at once I thought, "Couldn't she be mended?"

Right away I ran to the rosebush, and dug down under it. Dolly was still there, and after I unrolled the cloth around her she looked just as lovely as ever—except, of course, she had no head. And she soon had her head back again, too.

Course, dollies lose their heads sometimes, just as other people do, but I never heard of any one losing their head in such a queer way. Did you?

DECEIVED

THE town constable owned a fine orchard. It required all his efforts to keep the bad boys of the town from stealing, so that when he fell sick he despaired of saving any of the fruit.

However, he had a dummy rigged up to look very much like himself, and had it placed in the orchard. For a while this kept the boys away, but, after a time, they saw that it never moved from the one position and suspected it was only a scarecrow. After that the thefts were more frequent than ever.

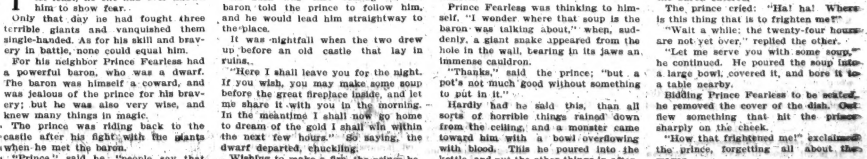
In the meantime the constable had recovered from his illness. He immediately resolved to set about punishing the boys.

He took his stand in the orchard just as the scarecrow had been placed, and waited.

Along came two of the worst offenders. Coming close to what they believed to be the scarecrow, they taunted it and made all sorts of fun of it. Suddenly, the scarecrow moved, and, before they had time to recover from their sudden surprise, it had pounced upon them.

No more apples were stolen for a time.

WHEN PRINCE FEARLESS BECAME AFRAID



THIS name really fitted the prince.

At least, no one had ever known him to show fear.

Only that day he had fought three terrible giants and vanquished them single-handed. As for his skill and bravery in battle, none could equal him.

For his neighbor Prince Fearless had a powerful baron, who was a dwarf. The baron was himself a coward, and was jealous of the prince for his bravery; but he was also very wise, and knew many things in magic.

The prince was riding back to the castle after his fight with the giants when he met the baron.

"Prince," said he, "people say that you are entirely without fear. I know of a place where, I'll wager a thousand pieces of gold, you wouldn't stay for twenty-four hours without being frightened."

"I should like to try it," returned Prince Fearless; "if I fall, you shall receive a thousand pieces."

As dusk was fast coming on, the baron told the prince to follow him, and he would lead him straightway to the place.

It was nightfall when the two drew up before an old castle that lay in ruins.

"Here I shall leave you for the night. If you wish, you may make some soup before the great fireplace inside, and let me share it with you in the morning. In the meantime I shall now go home to dream of the gold I shall win within the next few hours." So saying, the dwarf departed, chuckling.

Wishing to make a fire, the prince began collecting some brushwood that lay in the courtyard. While he was doing this a band of mysterious, white-sheeted figures passed before him, but the prince went on with his work merrily whistling.

He went into the great, bare castle. Throwing the wood on the fireplace, he started a fire, and sat before it to warm himself.

Prince Fearless was thinking to himself, "I wonder where that soup is the baron was talking about," when, suddenly, a giant snake appeared from the hole in the wall, bearing in its jaws an immense cauldron.

"Thanks," said the prince; "but a pot's not much good without something to put in it."

Hardly had he said this, than all sorts of horrible things rained down from the ceiling, and a monster came toward him with a bowl overflowing with blood. This he poured into the kettle, and put the other things in afterward. Soon the horrible mixture was boiling fiercely.

All during the night did the prince sit watching the pot, while around him were all manner of strange, terrifying noises. Not once had he trembled.

At daybreak two of the ugliest creatures he had ever seen brought him a table service. A few moments later the baron entered.

The prince cried: "Ha! ha! Where is this thing that is to frighten me?"

"Wait a while; the twenty-four hours are not yet over," replied the other.

"Let me serve you with some soup," he continued. He poured the soup into a large bowl, covered it, and bore it to a table nearby.

Bidding Prince Fearless to be seated, he removed the cover of the dish. Out flew something that hit the prince sharply on the cheek.

"How that frightened me!" exclaimed the prince, forgetting all about the wager.

"Ah! the thousand pieces of gold are mine, after all!" cried the baron, in satisfaction.

The prince admitted this was true. Then he looked to see what had frightened him. It was merely a little sparrow that had taken him by surprise.

You see that even the bravest are not without fear.

BEER FOR BREAKFAST.

The Awful Morning Meal That Was Once In Vogue In England.

The breakfast appetite varies strangely. Some persons are content with a cup of coffee and a piece of toast. Others make it the most determined meal of the day. Once it was formidable indeed. In Sir John Hawkins' "History of Music" is quoted a sixteenth century manuscript belonging to the house of Northumberland which gives the breakfast arrangements of the Percy family both for Lent and for flesh days, and, oh, how some of us have fallen away in trencher work! Here is the simple Northumberland scheme: "Breakfast for my lord and lady during Lent: First, a loaf of bread in trenchers, two manchets (a manchet was a small loaf of white bread), a quart of beer, a quart of wine, two pieces of salt fish, six bacoun'd herring, four white herring or a dish of sprats. Breakfast for my Lord Percy and Master Thomas Percy: Item, half a loaf of household bread, a manchet, a bottle of beer, a dish of butter and a piece of salt fish, a dish of sprats or three white herring. Breakfast for the nursery for my Lady Margaret and Master Ingeram Percy: Item, a manchet, a quart of beer (this for the nursery), a dish of butter, a piece of salt fish, a dish of sprats or three white herring."

At ordinary times my lord and lady fared thus: "First, a loaf of bread in trenchers, two manchets, a quart of beer, a quart of wine, half a chine of mutton or else a chine of beef boiled." Lord Percy and Master Thomas Percy disposed of "half a loaf of household bread, a manchet, one bottle of beer, a shedding, or else three mutton bones boiled," while to the thirsty nursery went "a manchet, one quart of beer and three mutton bones boiled."

THIEVES FROM CHOICE.

Criminals, as a Rule, Steal Because They Don't Want to Work.

The Georgists say that men are driven to crime by poverty and want. But the theorists are not always right. There are no doubt some cases of men stealing or swindling to get bread, but they are very few. Not one criminal in a hundred in this country pilfers, plays burglar or highwayman because he's hungry, but because he is a criminal from choice and would rather steal than work. He knows perfectly well that nobody ever made a fortune or even a decent living by picking pockets or breaking into houses or robbing people on the streets. He knows, too, that it is only a question of time when the penitentiary gates will open for him, and yet he chooses the uncertainties of criminal life and idleness in preference to steady work at good wages. Good times with the rest of the world signify nothing to the criminal, except that the man he robs is likely to have a little more money in his pockets. No matter how prosperous the rest of the world may be, its criminals are always hard up. When a sneak thief makes a haul or a footpad gets hold of somebody's roll the first idea is to spend it. It goes at cards, in dives, groggeries, anywhere, to anybody that wants it, and, no matter how large the haul, in a little while it is all gone and another job must be done to get more. General prosperity means nothing to the rogue. The devil pays low wages on small contracts.

A Minute Fish.

The most diminutive vertebrate creature in the world is said to be a small fish caught in a mountain lake in the Luzon region of the Philippines. The largest of the species is less than an inch long, but its smallness may be best gauged by the fact that it takes about 6000 of them to make a pound. Although so tiny, however, the fish, which is named sinarapan, is an important article of diet among the Philippine natives. Obviously it is too small for any net and is caught in coarse muslin sheets. The fish are prepared by being mixed with pepper and other spices and then dried in the sun. They are a great native delicacy.

Beginning Well.

"Begin your stories well," said an author, talking to a group of literary beginners. "There's nothing like a good beginning. Indeed, it's half the battle." Then, with a smile, this excellent beginner of stories added: "Always bear in mind the case of the young man who, desiring to marry, secured a favorable hearing from his sweetheart's irascible father by opening the interview with the words: 'I know a way, sir, whereby you can save money.'"

The Best Fiction.

The fond husband was seeing his wife off with the children for their holiday in the country. As she got into the train he said, "But, my dear, won't you take some fiction to read?"

"Oh, no," she responded sweetly; "I shall depend on your letters from home."

She Wasn't Engaged.

"And do you have to be called in the morning?" asked the lady who was about to engage a new girl.

"I don't has to be, mum," replied the applicant, "unless you happens to need me."

Lesson In Physiognomy.

It is all right to rave over Grecian noses in poetry, but the nose we advise in everyday life is the nose that is kept out of other people's business.

Some of us are made on the order of billboards—a flashy front with a vacant lot behind.—Exchange.

THE POET WHITTIER.

How He Met His Only Love and How They Drifted Apart.

John Greenleaf Whittier was one of the sweetest poets that this country or any other has ever produced, and this in spite of the fact that he was doomed to live and die a bachelor.

In the spring of 1828, when the poet was about *twenty years* old, he did his first and last courting.

In the quaint old town of Marblehead, in the home of a well to do shipmaster, dwelt Evelina Bray, the shipmaster's daughter. Evelina was "sweet sixteen," as pretty as a peach and as pure as the wood violets with which she loved to decorate her hair, and with the winsome, modest maiden Whittier fell desperately in love.

During the aforementioned springtime as the flowers were creeping up from under the snow and the landscape was taking on its first delicate touches of the summer scene young Whittier went down to Marblehead, found Evelina and told her of the sentiment that he could no longer conceal. To his joy he learned that the sentiment was reciprocated.

But the "course of true love did not yet run smooth," and it was already decreed that Whittier's was to be a "lost love."

The shipmaster of Marblehead was a worldly man, and one of his chief delights when on shore was to hear his daughter play on the piano and sing, while Whittier's parents as well a Whittier himself were of the strictest sect of the Quakers, in whose eyes a piano was an emblem of sin and music the sure and certain mark of wickedness.

Between these opposite, antagonistic and uncompromising views of things there was no concord possible. Whittier knew it, Evelina knew it, and, like the philosophers that they were, they concluded to say no more to each other upon the tender subject—and they never did.

Five years later, in 1833, the couple met again, but no word was spoken of the affection that each knew was in the other's heart. It was this meeting of friends that was all.

It was in 1883, at a class reunion at the Haverhill academy, that the poet and his sweetheart again stood face to face. Since he had last beheld her fifty-two years had rolled away. The two were now old. The rosy bud faded from Evelina's cheek, and into her lover's face wrinkles had stolen, and upon his head old Time had left his rime.

But the heart never grows old; love is immortal—immortality young and fresh, and, parting from his old love forever, the poet went home to write the touching lines:

Look forth once more through space and time
And let thy sweet shade fall
In tenderest grace of soul and form
On memory's firesoul wall.
A shadow and yet all.

—Rev. T. S. Gregory in New York American.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

So many people consider a wish an ambition.

One way to make something out of nothing is to start a fight about it.

To every man comes a time when he wishes he were as smart as he used to believe he was.

As a rule, it is easier to help a man and make him a friend than it is to injure him and make him an enemy.

Every young man could wear a hero medal if the commission would take his best girl's estimate of his strength and courage.

If you don't laugh at a man's joke he says you have no sense of humor. It never occurs to him that he lacks the sense of humor.

The loafer will always tell you there isn't much opportunity for a man in this town." Still there are twenty four hours in a day here, as elsewhere.

Pretty Feet Always Painful.

Pretty feet are always painful feet. Shoes rarely, if ever, fit them; hence they carry their possessors haltingly and too often they must direct themselves toward the chiropodist's. The high arched instep, the pretty foot's essential quality, is yet in a way a deformity, for it causes an abnormal tightness of the tendon governing the toes, and the toes in consequence all turn under a little, as though trying to grasp something. Turning under, the joints stand out prominently, just as the knuckles stand out when the fingers are closed. The leather of the shoe rubs and irritates these prominent joints, and the pretty foot's pretty owner pays the penalty in many a smart, in many a jumping pain.

No Stage Murders In Turkey.

On one point the Turkish censor of the drama is inflexible: there shall be no murder committed on the stage. This is in order to prevent corruption by evil example. Consequently the dramatic effect of many plays is somewhat marred by the manner in which principals destined to be murdered are rushed off the stage and, after receiving the fatal thrust out of sight of the audience, stagger back from the wings to sing their death songs.

Quite a Different Thing.

Clara—Father, George says he isn't half good enough to be my husband. Father—H'm! He talked to me as if he was quite good enough to have me for a father-in-law.

Breaking the News.

Tommy—Pop, was writing done on tablets of stone in the old days? Tommy's Pop—Yes, my son. Tommy—Gee! It must have taken a crowbar to break the news.—Philadelphia Record.

THE OSAGE MONSTER.

How a Steamboat Whistle Affected Missouri Pioneers.

STORY OF A HISTORIC HUNT.

Armed For the Fray, the Frightened but Determined Old Settlers Sought the Ferocious Beast With the Fearful, Screeching Voice.

The first steamboat that ever turned her prow against the muddy Osage waters was the Flora Jones in the spring of 1844. There was no commercial club in those days to stimulate river traffic, no telegraph or telephone to herald to the hardy pioneers the approach of the boat—only the unearthly shrill screech of a banshee-like whistle, enough to blanch the cheek of the simple minded folk who had lived far from the world's progress.

The little boat went up as far as Harmony, Mo., in Bates county. History records the fact that when the Flora Jones puffed her way along the St. Clair county shores and the wail of her siren was tossed back and forth by the limestone bluffs many of the old settlers were not only frightened figuratively out of their boots, but literally out of their homes. Matthew Arbuckle, a pioneer, tradition tells us was plowing in his field about a mile from the river when the wail of that whistle struck his ear. He unhitched his horse from the plow, managed to get on its back and, wild with terror, struck for the hills. In one hour he was at Papinville, fifteen miles distant, the horse white with foam, the rider white with terror. He had barely strength to tell of "an awful animal" from which he had made his escape. He had not seen the fearful beast, he confessed, but he had heard its voice, by which he knew it to be a monster of terrific proportions.

Arbuckle's neighbors were brave and, though much disturbed by his account, determined upon a campaign of extermination. They held a council, their hopes against declines, and they resolved that no wild animal, however ferocious, could withstand their rifles. They gathered at Uncle John Whitley's. He had seen service under Jackson at New Orleans. His home was on the tortuous stream from Arbuckle's farm.

The next morning a crowd of 200 pioneers, with guns and dogs, were ready at Uncle John's. The gallant band numbered among its members Uncle John Whitley, James Breckenridge, Benjamin Morris, William Bacon, Hamilton Morris, Benjamin Burch, William Roark, Frank Roark, Benjamin Snyder, Snowden Morris and Matthew Arbuckle.

They were agreed that there should be undertaken a quest for the mysterious monster threatening their homes and families.

Just before the signal to start was given Mattie, a daughter of Whitley's went down to the river, 200 yards distant, for water. In her absence the Flora Jones, which had tied up for the night at a bend in the river below again sounded the terror inspiring whistle.

"Charge, men!" roared Whitley, seizing his gun. "Matt went to the river for water, and I reckon she's dead afore now!"

The crowd rushed to the river, determined to rescue the girl if she was yet alive. But Matt it is hardly necessary to state, was met on the way. She was headed homeward, her hair streaming behind and her face blanched with fear.

With their weapons ready for instant action the determined hunters continued riverward. The crew of the Flora Jones, proud of her whistle, continued to sound it at frequent intervals, and its reverberations rang from bluff to bluff unceasingly. Each fresh blast added to the uneasiness of the band of settlers. Frequent councils were held. The failure of the dogs to take the scent nonplussed them.

The hunters scoured the Osage thickets all day. Breckenridge lost faith in hounds and declared that he would go to St. Louis for Newfoundlands. Meanwhile the Flora Jones had proceeded up the river to Harmony, and her whistle was no longer heard. As night came on a storm broke, and the hunters took refuge in a cave.

With the return of dawn there began again the hideous wail of the mysterious monster. The Flora Jones was making an early start on her return trip down the river. Nearer and nearer sounded the whistle, until the hunters, who had tumbled hastily from their cave, could distinguish a pulling and blowing, supposed to be the snorts of the advancing foe.

The moment of decisive action seemed at hand. The hunters rushed to the river bank. Each selected a tree to stand behind and looked to the priming of his gun.

An instant later the Flora Jones rounded a bend and loomed into view. Upon her deck was a gay crowd of passengers, watching the early sunrise flooding the water with rosy light. Uncle John Whitley, Jimmy Breckenridge and their band of heroes were too astonished to answer the friendly hails as the boat swept down to the next bend, her whistle mocking their past fears.

Little was said as the hunters tracked homeward. Unostentatiously each sought out his home. And so ended the historic hunt for the monster of the Osage valley.

There is no open door to the temple of success. Every one makes his own door, which closes behind him to all others.—Marden.

AIT—COMING SOON—WAN

ANDREW McPHEE'S
BIG PAVILION
UNCLE TOM'S CABIN
A Magnificent Production under Canvas

50-PEOPLE-50



A PACK OF SIBERIAN BLOODHOUNDS
A GRAND STREET PARADE EVERY DAY AT NOON. TWO BANDS.
JUBILEE SINGERS AND DANCERS FROM THE SUNNY SOUTH.

SEE EVA AND HER PET PONY!
MARKS and his Funny Donkey
OUR FUNNY TOPSY
UNCLE TOM and his Ox Cart!
THE SHETLAND PONIES!
THE ORIGINAL LOG CABIN



ONE NIGHT PERFORMANCE ONLY UNDER OUR BIG WATERPROOF TENTS.

WILL EXHIBIT AT
TABER
Saturday, Sept. 28.
Admission 25c. & 50c.

News Briefly Told

Judge Wetmore will be first Chancellor of the University of Saskatchewan.

It will not be long before there will be a railroad from Edmonton to Dawson City.

Five hundred miles of government telephone lines will be completed in Alberta by the end of the year.

F. Webster, an expert from Ohio, believes that northern Alberta has a large store of natural gas, and that in two years Edmonton will be using it as fuel.

Cattle shipments will soon be in full swing now. Already a few consignments have left Medicine Hat. J. D. McGregor sent 200 head, A. Brown 3 car loads, P. Day 108 head, L. C. Brown 3 car loads, M. D. Mitchell of Medicine Hat will be shipping fifteen car loads to England on Sept. 20th.

Notice

Notice is hereby given that tenders for furnishing the necessary material and building a school house, and necessary outhouses on Block 36 of Cousin's subdivision, south of the C.P.R. tracks, Taber, will be received by S. J. Layton until the hour of 7 o'clock p.m. on Wednesday, Sept. 25, 1907. Plan and specification of the proposed house can be seen at his residence, corner of Russell Ave. and Fourth St., North.

The right to reject any or all bids is reserved by the Board of Trustees of the Taber School district No. 933.

S. J. LAYTON, Chairman.
G. W. QUIBELL, Sec.-Treas.

Dated at Taber this 17th day of September, 1907.

Considerate.

Singleton—What have you in that package, old man? Wedderly—An ash receiver. It's a present for my wife. Singleton—What! You don't mean to tell me she smokes cigarettes? Wedderly—Oh, no, but if she has an ash receiver for me to put my cigar ashes in it will save her the trouble of sweeping them up. See?

Reliance Trading Co.
Limited.

DEALERS IN

Lumber & Farm Machinery

CORNER OF
DOUGLAS AVE. & MITCHELL ST.

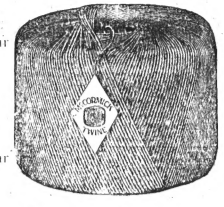
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